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TRB

from Washington
March 14, 1981

North-South Dialogue

Suppose Ronald Reagan and his cabinet went up to a joint session of Congress every day and at two o'clock took 40 minutes of questions hurled at them by the opposition party across the aisle and threw back answers just as sharp and withering as though they were in an election debate. That's the way they do it in the House of Commons in Canada, where the president is visiting this week, making his first trip outside the country to explain how much we love the Canadians, how important it is to keep the budget balanced, and to thwart communism in El Salvador.

The way it works in Ottawa, the bell rings at two p.m., the doors open, and the sergeant at arms enters with the gold mace on a pillow, followed by the speaker in a white wig, who happens to be a woman, Jeanne Sauvé. After announcing the orders of the day, she starts the session with "question period." It makes the polite little queries put to the president at Washington press conferences look like a child's game compared to a prize fight. The affair goes on the air all over Canada. No wonder 70 percent of the Canadian voters take part in elections (after one-month campaigns) compared to only 50 percent in America (after campaigns lasting a couple of years).

If Pierre Trudeau, with his twisted smile and the look of a man who has stepped out of Louis XIV's court and forgotten his wig, is in a good mood he will answer the question himself. If he is in a foul mood he may turn it over to a fellow cabinet member. The government has to account for itself every day, and if it loses face, as Jimmy Carter's did after a couple of years in Washington, it loses its majority and is turned out, as conservative Ed Clark was after only nine months. Ten years ago in one hot exchange the nettled Trudeau cupped his hands at an assailant and used an epithet which one newspaper translated as a blunt version of "go forth and multiply." However, on interrogation later the prime minister asserted that all he had really said was "fuddle duddle," considered a not unparliamentary utterance.

The US-Canadian affection is genuine, no doubt about it, and the world should take note. But there is often a vacuous friendliness about it, a kind of family apathy, particularly on the part of the bigger southern neighbor, that can be aggravatingly patronizing. The United States just takes its partner for granted and this is as exasparating in international as in conjugal relationships. Taking your spouse for granted, I am told, is a leading cause of marital infelicity.

President Reagan is going to address the Canadian parliament and he probably will use the harmless phrases that Trudeau himself used to a joint session of Congress on February 22, 1977, when he upheld "a wholesome relationship with our mutual friend Mexico and a robust partnership with the United States." There are currently real problems between the countries, due, in part, to America's peculiar fragmented form of government. We signed a fisheries treaty with Canada almost two years ago but it isn't ratified yet. Canada must take the same chances that Russia did in the SALT II treaty—the problem being the trick device in the US Constitution giving 34 members of a 535-member legislature veto power over a treaty (i.e., the Senate two-thirds ratification requirement). Americans shrug resignedly over it—"foreigners should understand; it's just one of those things that can't be helped!"

Reagan goes to Ottawa with a split government in Washington—a partisan deadlock that couldn't occur in Canada. "We don't see how you do it," say foreigners wonderingly. "Oh, it's nothing," reply Americans. In the last 52 years or so there has been split-party government in Washington about a third of the time. This is one reason for the power of lobbies, which are almost as important a part of the governmental system as the separation of powers. The gun lobby (The National Rifle Association), for example, has blocked handgun control for years. Canada has enacted controls as a matter of course. As a practical consequence, the murder rate in Canada is about 2.4 per 100,000; it's nine per 100,000 in the US.

Canada normally is about 20 years ahead of the US in social and tax legislation, according to my reckoning. In Canada the government draws up voter registration lists, instead of requiring people to register themselves. Canada has national health insurance. There are a good many things in Canada that may shock President Reagan, I am afraid. He doesn't like government interference in business: in Canada there are the Canadian National Railway, Air Canada, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Petro-Canada, and other ventures.

Way back in 1944 Canada adopted a system of national family allowances for rich and poor alike. The prime minister who instituted it had the effrontery to declare that it would contribute, he hoped, "to a healthy redistribution of the country's wealth." Mr. Reagan, by contrast, thinks that taxes should not be used "to bring about social change." One curious effect of the Canadian baby bonus, I am told, is that Eskimos in the high Arctic have dropped the practice of exposing unwanted girl babies to the cold. Instead of being statistically headed for extinction, the Eskimo population is holding its own.

Canada is no paragon among nations, goodness knows. It has tremendous problems of bilingualism and separatism. But it also has social and political legislation that its big, condescending neighbor might well study. It is almost impossible for Canadian and US politicians to avoid referring to "3,000 miles of unfortified border." But I sometimes wish we could fortify the border if that would attract a little more attention to solutions Canada has found for mutual problems. Just last November, Jimmy Carter did something that would be illegal in Canada: he conceded his defeat on television before the polls were closed in California. In Canada, early election results can't be broadcast out of time zones in the east to prevent influencing late-voting westerners.

As to instituting a question period in Congress, Jimmy Carter in *Why Not The Best* and Walter F. Mondale in *Accountability of Power*, both published in 1975, recommended the system. "It would be helpful here," said Carter. "It should be tried" said Mondale. Amen.

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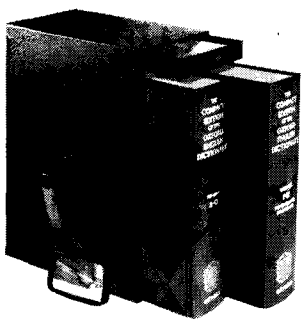

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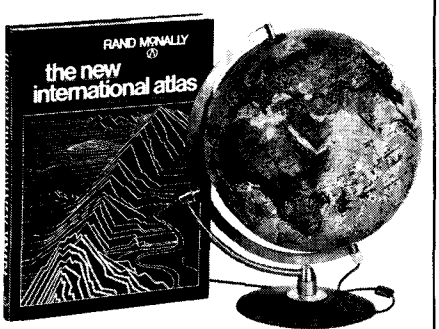

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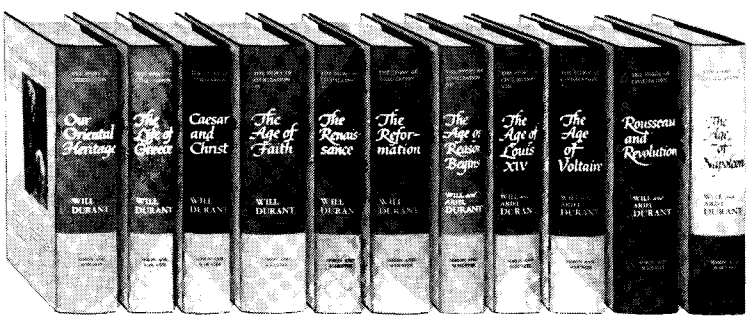

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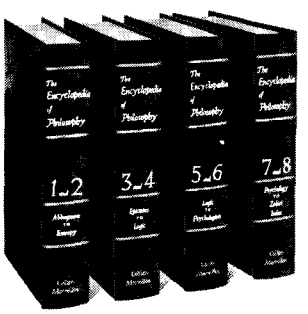

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 14, 1981

The Mideast Rejoins the World

The Reagan administration's first move in the Middle East negotiations has been to stop the clock. Secretary of State Haig announced that talks between Israel and Egypt over the West Bank are not the first priority of his policy in the region. The peace process, in his view, is well stalled. Haig's department does not yet have all its plans in place, but the decision to let things lie is not simply procrastination. It is a break with the tail-wags-dog policy of the old State Department (sad to say, the Democrats' State Department) toward Israel. Haig does not accept the Saunders-Young analysis that it is the Palestinian problem that thwarts US strategic and economic interests among the Arabs. OPEC and the Russians could all be contained, the old crew said, if only the Israelis were evicted from the West Bank. The same view, incidentally, is promoted by the sheiks of Aramco, who want consumers to believe that creation of a Palestinian state would bring down the price of oil. On this one issue, at least, the Reagan administration has broken with the oil companies.

Haig's repudiation of the Mideast policy he inherited is a blessing. Already there has been some lowering of the temperature in that perilously overheated area. The United States will no longer look for settlements in the West Bank the way it looks for missiles in Cuba. It will oppose the settlements, but not as if world peace hangs in the balance each time a few former American Jews decide to play Daniel Boone in the Judean hills. The Israelis are being told that they can rely on this presidency's pledge to their security, and this will give Reagan a credibility in negotiations that Carter never had. The Palestinians are being told that they can no longer run spoiled to the State Department with every Israeli misdemeanor, but will have to earn their hearing here by laying down their threatening language and their guns.

The new policy is a preference for globalism over regionalism, as Reagan promised. The paramount consideration in the Middle East will be the cold war, not a hot peace. Carter's ambition was a pro-Western alliance among Israel, Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and some of the smaller states of the Gulf. It was a worthy ambition, but it was shipwrecked by his lieutenants' insistence that it had to await a solution on the West Bank. Haig has salvaged the worthy ambition. He has announced that the alliance already exists, because of where the Russians are. The decision to continue outfitting the Saudi air force contains an implied communication to the Saudis that we consider them and the Israelis to be on the same side. The communication needs to be made explicit.

Militarily, the Saudi weapons deal remains a terrible risk for Israel. It is also a risk for Saudi Arabia's weaker Gulf neighbors, and even for Saudi Arabia itself. A bloated arms establishment can be dangerously destabilizing for developing countries, especially rich

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ones. Who can guarantee that Saudi F-15s will not soon be flown by pilots working for another Qaddafi or Khomeini rather than the House of Saud and Sheik Yamani? By supplying offensive equipment for Saudi F-15s, Reagan is reneging on solemn promises made by his predecessor both to the Senate and to Israel. The only justification—and one that does not persuade us—is a wider anti-communist strategy. But if that is the aim, Haig should demand that the Saudis decide what they fear more—communism or Zionism. The hope is that the royal family will make an old-fashioned calculation of interest, and agree that the Soviets mean them (and can do them) more harm than the Israelis.

The wider American strategy requires more of Saudi Arabia than that it should accept our weapons, the delivery of which it has made a litmus test of the special relationship with the US—not the first such litmus test and presumably not the last. Whether the relationship actually serves the purpose of keeping the oil fields and the regime safe from subversion and aggression will probably depend in the end on an American military presence in the country. Thus far there is no evidence that the princes are willing to contemplate that. In the meantime they are heating up the political war against Israel—the one pro-Western country in the region with a reliable army—and have not yet relented from their policy of isolating Egypt, which has allied itself with the US and made peace with Israel. Unfortunately, there is no evidence that the present administration has even suggested to Riyadh that it expects Saudi Arabia to stop sabotaging US efforts for a peace settlement, which is to say to stop sabotaging US interests. In fact, Assistant Secretary of State James Buckley told a congressional committee that the Saudis would be insulted if we asked for a *quid pro quo* for the equipment. Are we giving them all this armament wholly on their own terms?

WHILE SECRETARY of State Haig is wisely emphasizing East-West policy over Arab-Israeli policy, Israel is bound to be pressured for West Bank concessions. Any Israeli claim upon land that is not essential to its security undoubtedly will be construed as an obstacle to the new alliance against the Russians. But this administration seems rightly wary of trying to decide for the Israelis what makes them safe. It also appears to understand that an even greater obstacle lies in the unavailability of any Palestinians to talk about anything but complete Israeli withdrawal. Still, it is hard to imagine that the cold warriors will permit their plans to be defeated, or even long postponed, by a conflict between nations they consider to be natural allies in the struggle against Soviet power. This means that Haig will soon be presuming on the Israelis. But that presuming on the Israelis will not be credible—it will be wholly without moral and strategic authority—unless he has also begun to presume on the Saudis, whom he will have armed to the teeth.

In Israel the Begin government welcomes Reagan's militant anti-communism. It even feels a little vindicated by it. It rightly deplores the new weapons deal with Saudi Arabia but it will not make a fight, fearing that it would lose—win or lose. If Israel's congressional friends manage to defeat the weapons deal, Israel might sacrifice the administration's friendship. More likely, Israel would lose in Congress; Reagan can still have pretty much what he wants in foreign and defense policy. Begin wants no pause in the autonomy talks, however, hoping to forge an agreement binding an incoming Labor government and preventing it from giving back most of the West Bank. The State Department is happy to wait for Labor.

IT IS PRECISELY the imminent ascendance to power of Shimon Peres and the Labor party that makes Haig's benign neglect of Camp David a little dangerous. The Reagan administration agrees with the Labor party that the only responsible direction in which to lead the peace process is toward Jordan. And there will be no more propitious moment for the Jordanian option than the coming year. The positions of the Americans and the Israelis will be synchronized to an unprecedented degree. Both will talk of territorial compromise. The Arab world will continue to bleed from the war in the Persian Gulf. It has been deliciously divided—Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and their friends arrayed against Iran, Syria, Libya, and their friends, including the Soviet Union. The PLO has been humiliated in Iran and battered in Lebanon. At the Arab summit a few months ago the Saudis and Kuwaitis whispered to reporters that perhaps Jordan might negotiate for the Palestinians. Then the customary rejectionist resolutions were passed, but for the power brokers of the Arab world even to entertain the idea of repealing Rabat may be significant. The problem, however, is that King Hussein won't play.

The obvious task for American policy in the Middle East is to put the screws on Jordan. Only this can even up the new friendship with the Saudis. Yet the most mystifying feature of the American effort, and the only significant element of Carter's policy that Reagan appears to have accepted (aside from the reflexive genuflections toward Riyadh) is precisely the reluctance to pressure the king. When Henry Kissinger returned from his "unofficial" trip to the region, in which he cased the conflict for the new administration, he counseled all and sundry to leave Hussein alone. The king is adamant; he will not have the Palestinian problem blow up in his face again. Hussein's fears are understandable. But there are, too, the obligations of geography. Whatever happens on the West Bank, Jordan will continue to share the border. Hussein, whether he likes it or not, has a natural interest in influencing the outcome. The Israelis need him to help them keep the PLO out, and the Americans need him to help them keep out the Russians. Why, then, is

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Preventive detention

To the editors:

By decrying Chief Justice Burger's suggestion that defendants shown to be dangerous should be detained before the trial without bail, and countering with the argument of the presumption of innocence ("Crime Wave," *TNR*, February 21), *TNR* simply resurrects liberal theories of the early 1970s and disregards much subsequent thought and research.

Even without statutes for preventive detention hearings, judges have been detaining defendants that they feel are dangerous by setting prohibitive bail, even though this is not proper according to the Bail Reform Act of 1968. This phenomenon is known as *sub rosa* preventive detention.

A preventive detention statute would establish relatively stringent procedural guidelines for a preventive detention hearing. Without the pretrial detention hearing, the judge must make a decision on release based only on *sub rosa* consideration of dangerousness. With a pretrial detention hearing, the judge can make the same decision based on witness testimony, a fairly complete look at the strength of the arguments for both the government and the defense, and a complete profile of the defendant's criminal history. This could facilitate the proper balancing of the competing concerns of due process and crime control. It would also reduce discrimination against the poor and eliminate the release of truly dangerous defendants who are able to pay high bond.

Walter E. Zalenski III
Washington, DC

TNR in the USSR

To the editors:

Let me commend you on Carl R. Proffer's "A Disabled Literature" (*TNR*, February 14), which doubtless the readers of *Pravda* will never see. The readers of *Pravda* of February 15 were, however, treated to the following *TNR* reference. In the page 4 column "International Scene" by V. Bol'shkoz, one reads: "Secretary of State Haig said in an interview with the biweekly *New Republic* that he 'equated' national liberation movements with international terrorism. If the USA sticks to such a position, it means that all young governments, born in the throes of national liberation struggle, are 'illegal' from Washington's point of view."

If this is what the Soviet authorities do with *TNR*'s material, it is little wonder Soviet literature is disabled.

Roy Gardner
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

Sprinting legislators

To the editors:

While it may be true, as Timothy Noah pointed out in his article "The First 100 Bills" (*TNR*, February 7), that Congressman John Ashbrook is the "greatest legislative activist in the House," that does not mean necessarily that "he can sprint to the hopper faster than his more prolific colleagues." More often than not, it is the pages that do the sprinting to the hopper, leaving the representatives to tend to the more sedentary legislative tasks.

Gelston Hinds Jr.
Congressional Page, 90th Congress
Highland Park, New Jersey

Speaking for values

To the editors:

If *The New Republic* hopes to speak in some way for liberalism in America, I fail to understand the purpose of articles such as "Who Speaks for Values?" in your January 31 issue. I refer to Henry Fairlie's despicable attack on Senator George McGovern in the face of Ronald Reagan, the Moral Majority, and the National Conservative Political Action Committee.

I do not pay $28 per year to read such rubbish. If my check were made out to William Buckley's *National Review* I could at least expect to read what has recently been in my mailbox. I am shocked, however, to find it in the pages of *The New Republic*.

Frank Forrest
Palos Hills, Illinois

Chomsky and free speech

To the editors:

In his defense against charges of being an agnostic about the Holocaust (Correspondence, *TNR*, February 14) Noam Chomsky diverts attention from his voluntary association with Faurisson by raising the issue of freedom of speech. If he means that freedom is in some way dependent on *his* essays of introduction, then he is surely quite busy preparing opening benedictions to many other historical and literary works.

I am surprised, therefore, that in his zealous defense of free thought he has not volunteered a preface to material secretly printed by numerous oppressed Soviet Jews. Perhaps this is because Chomsky, like most of us, must allocate precious time and intellectual resources and can lend his name to only a carefully selected group of righteous causes. Given the range of possibilities, his choice of Faurisson's falsehoods as his vehicle to uphold freedom of opinion reveals either a bizarre attraction to garbage or, more likely, considering his reputation as an eminent scholar, an ideological or intellectual preference.

Michael J. Feuer
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In praise of reviews

To the editors:

Justin Kaplan's review of William McFeely's *Grant* (*TNR*, February 28) touched all the bases and slid home in double time. I may now read McFeely, but first I must go back to the general's *Personal Memoirs* to refresh (and correct) some of my first impressions of 35 years ago.

Already somewhat acquainted with Norman Mailer's ideas of elegance, I had some inkling of what to expect from Barbara Grizzuti Harrison's review of Mailer's *Marilyn* (*TNR*, February 28). Yet the inkling was quite inadequate. No doubt only a woman can take the great man's measure. But in this instance, with what precision does the lady wield her critical scalpel!

Paul Bixler
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Cost-effective defense

To the editors:

The target area for the MX missile system has been chosen in the western states primarily (I assume) because this area is sparsely populated. It is worth noting, however, that it is upwind to a large portion of the nation. This means that all of the eastern half of the country would be subjected to fallout. Would it not be better to place it in one of the less populated areas of the eastern sea-

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there no pressure? Now that coercion in various forms has been rehabilitated as an instrument of policy, why is Jordan spared? Surely there is no danger that Hussein would take the Libyan road to Moscow. Nor does the king have an Islamic Brotherhood to trouble his sleep, as do Sadat and Assad. It is time, then, that he feel the new fisted American way.

Globalism's indifference to the short run may, then, have the consequence of letting slip a rare opportunity for Israel to find its true partner for the next treaty. It will surely encourage the Europeans in their efforts to fan Saunders-Young back to life. And it will play into the hands of the newest, and most surprising, opponent of the Jordanian option, Anwar Sadat. He has told the Europeans that he more or less supports their "initiative"—Lord Peter's whimsy, a Washington wag called it—which is the only thing the PLO has going now, and which is a naked attempt to appease the barrel people. In a violation of both the letter and spirit of Camp David, Sadat has invited the Palestinians to form a government (*sans* Arafat) in Cairo. All this to keep Jordan out. This is much less than the political wisdom we have come to expect from this man. Sadat must fear that his present monopoly on American patronage among the Arabs will not last if and when peace comes to the other fronts. He must also know that Israel will not permit him to hobble a reconciliation with Jordan, or to set in motion a process that could culminate in a Palestinian state. If he crosses the Israelis in some desperate ploy against other Arabs, a Labor government would not be averse to keeping what buffer Israel has left in the Sinai. Perhaps Sadat has something shrewd in mind. He knows how the Arabs feel about him. His acting to keep the Jordanians out might be just the way to make them leap right in. But if that isn't what he intends, or if he errs in his expectations, then his grand chapter in history could well be reduced to a pathetic footnote.

White House Watch

Cleanup Time

A minor reward of working at the Reagan White House since January 20 has been a warm feeling of superiority, engendered by evidence that the Carter regime had let the place go to pot for grubby reasons that were totally alien to the newcomers. The evidence was in the form of dirty offices, peeling paint, general dilapidation. Jimmy Carter's relative and special assistant for administration, Hugh Carter Jr., had been known as "Cousin Cheap." His and, by reflection, his President's hand were seen in the condition of the two White House office wings, East and West, and the nearby "Old" and "New" executive office buildings. Reagan staffers who had served at the Nixon and Ford White Houses didn't recall filth and decay comparable to what they found this time. The resultant conviction that the Carter administration must have deliberately permitted the decay, in a spirit of mistaken thrift and scorn for traditional presidential trappings, was specially comforting to the Reagan people. As news of their disgust crept into the national press, it offset those early stories, which President and Nancy Reagan had publicly resented, to the effect that she'd have liked to nudge the Carters out of the White House mansion before January 20 so she could start redecorating the family rooms. It is worth trying to set the record straight about all this for history's sake.

As in many such matters, the facts are more complex and less damning than the impression. The National Park Service maintains the White House grounds and residence. The General Services Administration maintains the White House office wings and executive office buildings. GSA has two principal levels of cleaning, "executive level" and "Level 6." Executive-level offices are supposed to be thoroughly cleaned, with furniture polished, floors scrubbed, rugs vacuumed, and trash removed, five days a week. Level 6 offices get rugs vacuumed and trash removed every working day, but get anything like thorough cleaning only once a week. Peter Hickman, a GSA spokesman, and Rodgers Stewart, the GSA official who oversees White House office care, say that the GSA conducted executive-level cleaning in the White House office wings throughout the Carter years. On White House orders, though, GSA reduced the two executive office buildings to Level 6, with expectable results. According to Stewart, the impression of excessive decay in the West Wing, where the President and his chief assistants work, must result in part from the fact that the Carter staff stayed put right up to inaugural noon and there was no opportunity for repair and renovation before the Reagan staffers moved in. Maintenance is not governed by the cleaning levels. Although the Reagan folks are convinced that maintenance had been drastically reduced, GSA's Stewart says that it was not and that a good deal of it was done in the Carter time. Now the painters and plasterers are about finished refurbishing the prestigious West Wing. Reagan-time pictures on the walls have replaced Carter-time pictures and even the neglected and abused press room is due for a cleanup. Because Reagan recently ordered department heads to hold down office re-equipment and renovation, the term "refurbishment" is preferred to "renovation."

News references to another kind of mess—the "Reagan appointments mess," the *Washington Post* headlined it—goaded the laggard Reagan personnel staff into preparing 26 appointments and nominations for announcement March 2. Among the 17 that were announced that day, there were five excellent State Department nominations. All of them had been pressed upon the President and his unwieldy gaggle of people-clearers by Secretary of State Haig for weeks.

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There should have been and wasn't a sixth State nomination, that of Ambassador Lawrence Eagleburger to be assistant secretary for European affairs. Thereby hangs a tangle of related tales.

The most prominent and vociferous opponent of the Eagleburger nomination is Senator Richard Helms of North Carolina. As has been noted previously here, Senator Helms personifies for this reporter the ugliest aspects of the extreme conservatism that rose to power with Ronald Reagan. On NBC's "Meet the Press" program March 1, Helms displayed the Neanderthal qualities and unbridled arrogance that should, but seemingly don't, demonstrate to Reagan and Haig the bind that they inflict upon themselves when they kowtow to Helms and his breed.

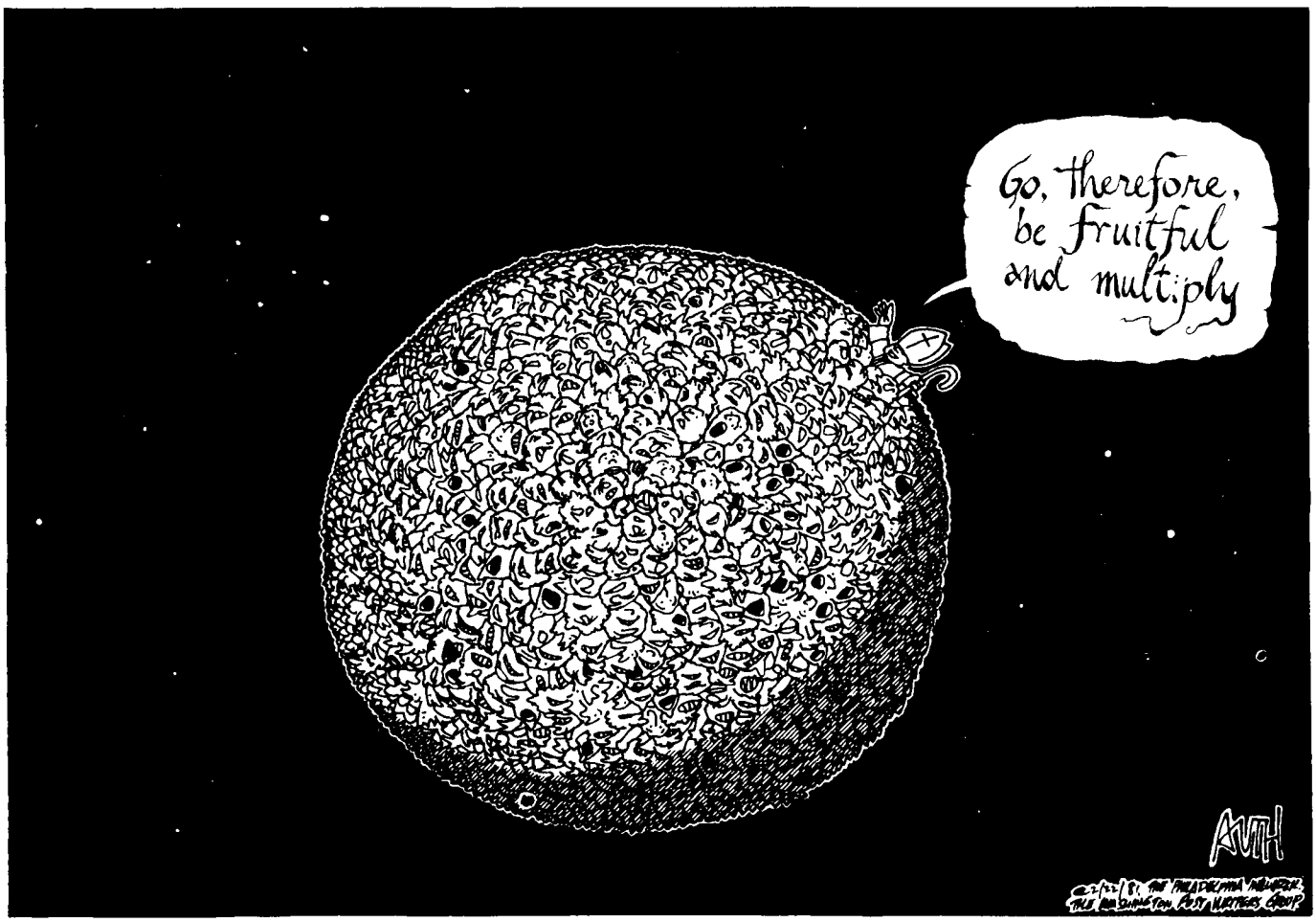
The media largely ignored a groveling statement that Haig's department spokesman, career officer William Dyess, issued in writing at 5:15 p.m. February 25. Here it is in full:

> Secretary Haig has stated that a story that appeared on February 24 in some newspapers around the country that Senator Jesse Helms is stymieing Secretary Haig's efforts to build his own department is incorrect. Senator Helms has placed no obstacles in the appointment process, as the story incorrectly stated. The writer is misinformed. The fact is, Senator Helms has been supportive of Secretary Haig throughout, during his confirmation hearings, before that time, and since. Secretary Haig is appreciative of Senator Helms's support.

Helms opposed Reagan's choice of Deputy Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci and tolerated it only after a nominee acceptable to the senator was chosen for another defense spot. Carlucci and Eagleburger have in common their service in the Nixon, Ford, and Carter administrations, which in Helms's view were peopled with far too many radicals and softies. Eagleburger's special burden is that he was Henry Kissinger's closest subordinate, at the White House and at the State Department, and is still Kissinger's protégé. Kissinger is anathema to Helms. The Helms staff had been promised Haig's February 25 abasement before it was issued. But it didn't moderate Helms's contradiction on "Meet the Press" of Haig's statement that Helms had not obstructed his State Department choices. Helms said his judgments of Eagleburger and others were his own, and continued: ". . . my sole interest is that the foreign policy of Ronald Reagan be implemented and not be subverted or sidetracked by second- and third-level bureaucrats in the State Department. Now I have nothing personal against any of the folks whom I have questioned. I just want to know what they are going to do in terms of implementing the Reagan policy, not sitting back there and saying, 'I know foreign policy better than that temporary President or that temporary secretary of state.'"

Question: "Will Mr. Eagleburger be confirmed so far as you are concerned?"

Helms: "Well, he's supposed to come to see me this



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week and I rather imagine we can work something out. It will depend."

Helms on official indications that unallotted US economic aid to Nicaragua will be cut off if Nicaragua doesn't stop channeling arms to the guerrillas in El Salvador: "I don't know whether they have announced it or not, but they have cut it off. . . . I have a letter here from the State Department that the rest of it is going to be withheld." The department humbly said that Helms was "technically correct"; the aid had not been cut off but would be unless Nicaragua stopped helping Cuba help the El Salvador guerrillas.

Reagan finally mustered the courage to announce Eagleburger's nomination on March 4. Eagleburger arranged to visit Capitol Hill and try to satisfy Senator Helms on March 5.

The questions to Helms about Eagleburger and other State Department appointments came up in connection with a front-page story in that Sunday morning's *Washington Star* by one of the program panelists, Lisa Myers. Her report could have been dynamite but passed almost unnoticed. She wrote that Richard V. Allen, Reagan's assistant for national security affairs and head of the NSC staff, "has sought to undercut Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig with already disgruntled conservatives on Capitol Hill." She attributed to "congressional sources" and "Senate conservatives" her report that "Allen has complained to members of Congress about Haig's choice of subordinates and has claimed White House dissatisfaction with the former Army general." The only senator she named was Helms. Here was or could have been the first revival of the long history of conflict between White House security advisers and secretaries of state, a conflict that Reagan, Haig, and Allen have dedicated themselves to avoiding in this administration. Helms said on NBC that "Richard Allen has not come to me saying block Eagleburger or anybody else. . . . He hasn't complained to me." Helms added: "We discuss the whole spectrum of foreign policy and the personnel connected with it, and that includes national defense." Allen is in many respects a cold warrior of the Helms school, and they wouldn't have to spell out agreements on many matters in their conversations. Allen, who's been a friend of mine since he was candidate Richard Nixon's foreign policy adviser in 1968, denied the Myers story in barnyard terms that I haven't considered printable since I occasionally quoted anti-Nixon demonstrators' shouts at him. The report was perfunctorily mentioned and perfunctorily denied at a White House press briefing March 2. But the implications are of valid interest.

During the initial personnel clearance process, Allen actively opposed only one Haig choice, that of Eagleburger. Allen had another candidate. Allen noted his formal support for 12 of Haig's choices for State, recorded "no objection" to four others, and strongly supported two of Haig's best selections, Myer Rashish as undersecretary for economic affairs and career officer Robert Hormats, assistant secretary for economic and business affairs. Yet Reagan assistants whom any reporter has a right to heed and respect believe that Allen did complain to conservative senators against Haig and some of his choices. Lisa Myers checked her story before she wrote it with staff director David Gergen and staff chief James Baker, and she refers to "senior aides" in the story. These facts on their face suggest that old-fashioned undercutting at the White House, and between White House and State officialdom, has started in a serious way. Available information suggests that this is not yet true and may never be true. One is told that Gergen had never heard of the allegations about Allen when Myers checked them with him. Their burden as he understood it was that Secretary Haig was being derogated on the Hill and from the White House. Haig is one of Reagan's two great stars—David Stockman is the other one—and Gergen felt that Baker, the chief of staff, should also have a chance to defend Haig with Myers. Their purpose appears to have been not to undercut Allen but to impress Haig's high and undiminished standing with the President upon the reporter. Her story, reread with this in mind, reflects that purpose.

Haig at the State Department had heard gossip along the lines of the Myers report and was asking other people about it before the story appeared. He and Allen encountered each other at the White House the Monday afterward and had a pleasant exchange. On the same morning, three of Haig's mid-level policy appointees attended an NSC staff meeting. They are invited to all of Allen's Monday morning staff meetings. Allen opened this one by telling the visitors he'd undercut them in their presence instead of behind their backs. A participant described the response: "There were two good laughs and one hollow laugh."

John Osborne

Politics

Democratic Distemper

Welcome to the Republican National Committee, located on several floors of several townhouses just a block off the US Capitol plaza. The RNC is in transition, from one chairman to another, from the party out of power to the party controlling and controlled by the White House, but there are only a few empty offices stacked with packing crates. From the computer hive in the basement to the pine-paneled dens of its leaders at the top of the building, the RNC is a busy place. Victory in the 1980 campaign apparently means a shift of strategies, but not a contraction of efforts

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under the RNC's new chairman, Richard Richards of Utah.

There is Maxine Fernstrom and her staff of 14, growing and planning to move to bigger quarters as they take on redistricting. Fernstrom dispatches teams of computer technicians, attorneys, and political consultants to help Republican state legislators redraw the political map to the party's advantage. Last year the Republicans picked up nearly 600 state and local offices, partly on account of special assistance from the RNC and three million dollars that the committee spent on the three-year effort leading up to the census year election and reapportionment of seats in the House of Representatives. The RNC is now considering a permanent state and local operation because of its obvious benefits for party-building and candidate-training.

In another corner of the building, the House and Senate campaign committee offices also are planning for the future. Operating in friendly interdependent fashion with the national committee, the congressional committees coordinate fundraising and share facilities, from consultants to computers. Having carried the Senate last year, they hope to take over the House in 1982. Meanwhile, they are devising ways of defending Republican representatives in normally Democratic districts and watching out for special elections which may turn into referenda on their president's programs.

THERE ARE AREAS where the committee is consolidating its operations. All the "heritage groups" (that's Republican for minorities) are being lumped together under one head and one budget. This is a change Richards has made from former RNC chairman Bill Brock's effort to interest blacks and Hispanics in forming power blocs within the Republican party.

The most impressive piece of Republican territory, especially to Democrats, is the basement of the national committee offices where 40 people tend the RNC's computer system. Right now, the computer is processing election results down to the precinct level. The GOP has been doing this since 1972. It has election information at the county level dating from 1926. The new information will make it possible for the party to target races in 1982 with even more precision than it did in 1980. When it is not analyzing election data, the computer keeps the party's books; stores contributor lists, names, and addresses for special purposes; and is able to emit, at the request of the national party or any state party, a library of political research, clippings, papers, and voter rolls.

Equally impressive, and still under the same roof, is the party fundraising operation. The Republican party is the envy of political money people. It depends upon hundreds of thousands of contributors who donate an average of $20 a year. The party raised more than $100 million for 1980, and is still at it.

Now, for something completely different, welcome to the Democratic National Committee, located in rented quarters on one floor of a downtown Washington building owned by a trade association. The DNC offices look like Philadelphia during the yellow fever epidemic of 1793: empty. The Democratic National Committee is, in fact, recovering from a debilitating condition. For four years it was bled to serve the interests of a presidential campaign. There is one tiny but active section of the office, clustered around the new chairman, Charles Manatt of California. Manatt has barely paused for breath since his election February 27, but he still has most of his senior staff jobs to fill. And he must raise the money to pay for the troops and technical aids for the "sudden leap into the future" which he plans. Before the leap, the national committee has one person working on redistricting, a skeleton administrative staff supporting the newly elected officers of the committee, and almost no fundraisers.

The section of offices where the political staff used to gather has been empty since the election. It's now being used as a storage depot for some farewell messages from the former president to his failed supporters and for a few cases of vice presidential papers that have yet to find a home. This area of the DNC once provided a home—on paper, anyway—for the committee's ghosts—employees who were paid by the party but who really worked for the Carter-Mondale reelection effort. DNC executive director Les Francis actually moved over to the campaign full-time, although he continued to collect a salary from the national committee. In fact, the committee was still paying Francis long after he left Washington in search of a new life. The DNC had to hire a consultant to plan its February national committee meeting because Francis was not in Washington to do the work.

Around the corner from the empty political section is Manatt's office. He has been the party's fundraiser for some years. Before that, he headed the California Democratic party. In 15 years the ambitious, hard-driving attorney has gathered an impressive amount of personal wealth and political influence. The law firm he started with a few friends has become one of California's largest, with clients in banking, sports, and show business, a combination that appeals to politicians.

Manatt estimates that in his campaign to be the man to lead the party into the future, he spent $75,000. After November 4 he traveled almost full-time, detailing one of his law partners, Mickey Kantor, to manage

Staff Promotions

With this issue, Dorothy Wickenden, who has been production manager of *TNR* for two and a half years, becomes managing editor. Ann Hulbert moves up to associate literary editor and Lisa Derman becomes production manager.

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the campaign. He attended party meetings all over the country, speaking in a cryptic language that has convinced some of his supporters that he can communicate with computers. He sounded so up to date that he proved persuasive. He also had an old-fashioned way with rival candidates. He promised them jobs and got them to drop their candidacies.

Manatt headed off political battles between the forces of future presidential candidates by promising all sides that he would be neutral until after the 1984 convention. But having smoothed the way to the February meeting of the Democratic National Committee, Manatt still had some performing to do to get the job. For a feverish day or so he had to decide how three Hispanic seats might be divided among two sexes. He shoehorned a slate of labor delegates into at-large seats on the DNC. He made first one deal then another as black representatives on the committee switched leaders and strategies. Whenever difficulties arose, Manatt created new jobs to placate the people making the problems. Now, with all that party politics behind him, Manatt sits in a corner office overlooking Massachusetts Avenue and makes his plans.

Manatt hopes to win some elections and he has appointed the former governor of Arkansas, Bill Clinton, to head a state and local elections division. Clinton, who just lost his own bid for reelection, will serve part-time, building a staff and a corps of consultants to help out Democratic candidates. Clinton expects to start with the special elections of 1981 and work up to a major assault in 1982 on Republicans holding normally Democratic seats. Speaking from bitter experience, Clinton maintains that although there are many people who can make and take a poll, there are few who can read the results with the 1980s in mind. The former governor believes he can locate such experts.

The new chairman also plans to prospect for a new Democratic philosophy. He will be helped (or possibly hindered) by a number of newly born organizations with the same intention. One was started recently by some former Carter administration officials, including Patt Derian, human rights chief at the state department, and Stuart Eizenstadt, Carter's top domestic adviser. Other groups spring up daily from ground littered with former members of Congress who want to remake the party that could not guarantee their reelection.

When Manatt speaks of his own philosophy he mutters something about identifying with some of the younger members of the House and Senate. His friends translate this as admiration for such political pragmatists as Gary Hart of Colorado, Bill Bradley of New Jersey, and Dale Bumpers of Arkansas. But when Manatt talks about forming a new national policy council to enunciate Democratic positions over the next few years, he refers to the party old guard. Manatt expects to invite congressional leaders, state and local elected officials, and some members of the national committee to join that effort. So far, nothing in Manatt's management of his own election gives any hint that he has new ideas for keeping the loosely connected caucuses of the national committee in line long enough to elect anyone.

THE DEMOCRATS who elected Manatt to be chairman did not look to him to be their philosopher king. They want him to be a managing money man. The Democratic party's fundraising operation is not healthy after four years of standing back to let the president go first. The party raised less money through direct mail in 1980 than it did in 1976 and the comparison with what the Republican party did is simply embarrassing. The Democratic party has made a tremendous investment in election data, polling, targeting, and other kinds of technical campaign services, but it's all designed to reelect President Carter, a task the committee does not plan to undertake again. Because of this special slant to the information the Democrats have bought, they do not have the kind of data banks the Republicans have. Manatt plans to correct all that.

One of the major tasks Manatt hopes to accomplish is a merger of the national party's fundraising and that of the two congressional campaign committees. Some Democrats regard the pillage of the last four years as the right and privilege of a president, but the House and Senate campaign committees don't see it that way. Manatt has moved in their direction by hiring Bill Sweeney, director of the House committee, to take one of his major political positions. His task also may be simplified by collaboration with such fellow Californians as Senator Alan Cranston, one of the Senate's leading fundraisers, and Representative Tony Cohelo, the new head of the House Campaign Committee.

There is some evidence, however, that Manatt does not yet really understand fundraising. Like one of his predecessors, Robert Strauss, Manatt always has relied on the rich to keep his projects afloat. Manatt talks about involving the "little giver" but it's not clear just what this wealthy attorney-turned-banker means by "little." At a news conference following his election, Manatt talked about bringing in "that middle-level giver between the ages of 25 and 65 who could give $500 to $1,000 to the party every year." But the Republican party has been raking in its millions in $20

Coming:

Theodore Draper on NATO's Demise.

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Michael Kinsley on the Very Rich.

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installments from hundreds of thousands of contributors.

There are other lessons the Democrats might learn from the Republicans. Right now the party seems to think its problems are like those of the Republicans in 1965, when Ray Bliss of Ohio came in to perform nuts-and-bolts repairs after the Democratic landslide of 1964. But the Democrats' problems may well be more fundamental, requiring the kind of philosophical and personnel changeover that the Republican party initiated after 1974. Manatt may be adequate to tinker with the party machinery, but if deep new thinking needs to be done, the whole party will have to do it.

Linda Wertheimer

Linda Wertheimer is a political correspondent for National Public Radio.

Franco died slowly; Francoism never did.

Civil War, Continued

The military coup in Spain was quashed without bloodshed by the firm refusal of King Juan Carlos I to cast his lot with a conspiracy to establish a military junta, eradicate democratic freedoms, and restore the harsh dictatorship of the late Francisco Franco. The *golpistas* put forth an argument that the king has heard many times since he assumed the throne as Franco's designated heir a little more than five years ago—that only the military can wipe out Basque separatist guerrillas, mounting crime in the streets, pornography, drug abuse, and a general breakdown of traditional Spanish moral values. As he has done at least five times, the 43-year-old monarch put his prestige and his throne on the line and said, "No." He is a romantic about democracy and is willing to risk his crown against military officers who consider him a traitor to Franco's ideals, and who, to show their contempt for their commander-in-chief, have turned the picture of Juan Carlos against the wall in many barracks.

Though short-lived and unsuccessful, the *golpe* conspiracy was dramatic evidence that a substantial band of Spaniards believes that the king, by trying to restore democratic institutions, has robbed them of the victory Franco won in the 1936-39 Civil War. This group believes that the king has turned the fate of the country to democrats, liberals, Socialists, and Communists, the very same "enemies of Spain" that Franco defeated to save the country from political chaos and dismemberment by ethnic separatists. Most Spaniards, left, right, and center, know that the ideological conflict that led to the Civil War with its million dead and to 37 years of Franco's dictatorial rule is not yet over.

For those who treat politics like sports events, the king and democracy emerged as winners. For others, the confrontation may have appeared a spoof starring John Belushi as *Guardia Civil* lieutenant colonel Antonio Tejero, complete with bristling moustache, mean visage, and patent leather cap. All the ingredients for a "Saturday Night Live" farce were there: the colonel leading 200 *guardias* in an audacious seizure of parliament, the spraying of the colorful Cortes chamber with gunfire but wounding no one, the angry shouts, and the scuffles between a few defiant legislators and their armed captors, all before open microphones and a fixed TV camera.

But it was a serious and widespread conspiracy that can't be reduced—as the State Department did—to "an isolated incident." If the king had not prevailed, what would have happened to Communist secretary general Santiago Carrillo, to Socialist chief Felipe Gonzalez, and to many others, including former premier Adolfo Suarez, the king's political point-man in the struggle to graft a democracy on the institutions inherited from Franco? Less than four years ago the Socialist and Communist parties were outlawed as enemies of the state. The two politicians were isolated by *guardias* February 23. Would they have been shot if the coup had succeeded? Suarez, berated by the military as a "turncoat" who rose to high office under Franco and then legalized the Communist party, might have been killed or forced into exile. What would have happened to newspaper editors, writers, poets, educators, labor leaders? What would have become of Spain's bid to join NATO and the Common Market? And finally: could Spain have plunged again into a civil war, with the world possibly forced to choose sides between a Soviet-line left and a fascist right, as is happening right now over El Salvador?

These are not idle questions. The military has substantial support among the people. For the many citizens who constitute the Spanish equivalent of the Moral Majority, Franco was a benevolent and just ruler who brought prosperity, law, and order, and who kept terrorists and Marxists at bay. It's all mythology, of course, but it is made believable by Spain's present trouble—inflation, unemployment, high crime statistics, and unrest in the Basque region. Though the king and the government minimize the right, Franco revanchism is deeply embedded. The slogan, "*Con Franco viviamos mejor*" (With Franco we lived better") sums up their nostalgia. Fascist youth movements, which despise the monarchy and democracy, are active through out Spain, and Fascists have cells among the military, the police forces, and the intelligence services.

The image of Franco as good patriarch has survived the government attempts to erase the caudillo's memory. His name is rarely invoked by officials. But rightist publications with scare headlines on crime and terrorism keep his memory alive. Two years ago a satire of Spanish democracy portrayed Suarez and

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much of the ruling Center Democratic Union party reverting to undemocratic ways when Franco came back to life. The book became a best seller as an astonishing 500,000 copies were gobbled up by nostalgic Spaniards.

After the coup attempt, the king made it clear that he wants no harsh punishment for the military plotters. He apparently fears that anything smacking of a purge will ignite an even more violent military reaction. The monarch's attitude is a measure of the precariousness of his own position and of the country's democratic institutions.

EVEN BEFORE Juan Carlos assumed the throne that his grandfather, Alfonso XIII, had abdicated in 1931 after republicans won municipal elections, generals tried to convince him to begin his rule with a government dominated by the military. The king refused, and slowly, with the prudence of an explosives expert trying to defuse a bomb, he has tried to move the military from high office. He has also transferred hostile generals to commands that can't threaten Madrid. But conspirators against democracy have persisted in prodding the king to appoint a military government to wage war against the Basque guerrillas and restore law and order.

The king has resisted the wooing, but he has been loath to punish the would-be seducers. He has been the target of at least two assassination attempts, but the results of the investigations have never been made public. Suarez has been on the hit list, too, and his fear is from the rightist military. He has made no secret of this.

Colonel Tejero, who took over the Cortes and held not only the government but most of the country's 350 popularly elected deputies captive for 18 hours while the king and the generals argued about Spain's fate, was involved in a previous attempted coup in 1978. In Spain, the attempt is known as the Galaxy conspiracy because it was concocted in a noisy Madrid café of that name. The coup got nowhere, but the plan called for the seizure—and murder—of Suarez, and it involved a number of top generals and former civilian officials of the Franco regime. Tejero was arrested, but even though the government knew the extent of the conspiracy, it refused to prosecute the *Guardia Civil* with any vigor. The colonel got a seven-month suspended sentence and was returned to his command. In effect, he was given license to get involved in still another plot. After surrendering this time, he is said to have whined that he would probably get "35 or 40 years." He ought to, but it remains to be seen if he does.

Another rightist hothead who took part in the coup attempt was Lieutenant General Jaime Milans del Bosch, a flamboyant mechanized-cavalry officer. He has been talking rebellion ever since Franco's death. The king transferred him from the command of the Brunete armored division, stationed near Madrid, to the Valencia military region in southeastern Spain, where he had less opportunity for mischief. But the fact that he was suspect and watched did not prevent Milans del Bosch and elements of his former Brunete unit from participation. His defense, no doubt, will be that he was trying to save the fatherland.

The most surprising plotter was General Alfonso Armada, the soft-spoken army deputy chief of staff who had served the king as tutor, intimate adviser, secretary, and confidant for more than 20 years. When he returned to the army, it was presumably to place a loyal monarchist in the military hierarchy, an officer the king could trust. When Franco was alive, Armada kept Juan Carlos, then prince of Spain, from making political mistakes that could have cost him the throne. The dictator, who had other candidates, could have removed Juan Carlos from the line of succession with the stroke of a pen. There were, in fact, intrigues intended to replace Juan Carlos with his cousin, Don Alfonso, who married the dictator's granddaughter. Franco had strong views on his successor, and he barred Juan Carlos's father, Don Juan, the legal heir to the throne, because he was "too liberal." Armada shielded and guided Juan Carlos through the byzantine dynastic intrigues that swirled around Franco, and when the dictator lay dying, the mentor counseled his pupil to make no move that could be interpreted as a coup d'état. Still, this February 23, he urged the king to support the conspiracy.

THE TIMING of the coup was significant. Parliament was voting on the confirmation of Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo, a lackluster right-of-center politician, as Suarez's successor to the premiership. At the moment that the Cortes was seized, Spain, in effect, had no government, Calvo Sotelo had no majority support, and the king could have named a junta without too much trouble—so the military plotters thought.

After the failed *golpe*, Calvo Sotelo got his majority vote, and there was a great outpouring of euphoric public support in major cities, long the stronghold of Socialists, Communists, and democrats of every stripe, and the centers of opposition to the Franco dictatorship. People hailed the king as guardian and guarantor of civil liberties.

The great-great grandson of Queen Victoria has now become the last line of defense, a role Don Juan Carlos did not seek. It puts him in the midst of Spain's political arena, a partisan in the struggle to establish a constitutional monarchy. There is no question he will be challenged again when he tries to reorganize the armed forces and force many senior officers into retirement, Civil War veterans who are among the oldest active soldiers in Western Europe. He will have to do this when and if Spain becomes a NATO member. Resistance will be bitter, and so will resistance to end the current deployment of the army, designed more to repress the Spanish people than to protect them from a foreign enemy. And the king's

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ultimate test lies further in the future, on the day the Socialists, Spain's most dynamic political party, win an election and Juan Carlos has to name a Socialist government.

Miguel Acoca

Miguel Acoca reported from Spain for the *Washington Post* and *Newsweek* from 1972 to 1979 and is at work on a book about Brazil.

Did America learn nothing from Vietnam?

Salvadoran Quagmire

The question raised in El Salvador today is, in essence, not very different from that raised in Poland. Can a relatively weak country within the sphere of influence of a great power be allowed to go through its own social revolution? If the great power has the means to abort such a revolution, or to twist it into forms congenial to its own interests, should it be allowed to do so with equanimity?

Any American, so far as Poland is concerned, would answer yes to the first question and no to the second. Toward El Salvador, however, the State Department has a different answer. Determined to prevent "another Nicaragua," that is, a successful leftist revolution, it has moved toward all-out support of the military-dominated junta. This junta, which overthrew an entrenched dictatorship in 1979 with Washington's blessing, started out as a centrist coalition, but has been moving right ever since. It has reneged on its pledges of economic and social reform, driving liberals into hiding or exile, and given its tacit approval to the right-wing death squads that now roam the country with impunity.

Indeed the government itself could be described as the kind of terrorist organization that Alexander Haig and Jeane Kirkpatrick have warned us about. Some 10,000 Salvadorans died at its hands last year, and another 2,000 since January. Some of these have been armed guerrillas, others merely peasants or dissidents who became troublesome or got in the way. The murder of four American church workers last December seems to have been the work of the government's own security forces—and Washington's demand for an investigation was met with disdainful indifference. The junta knows it has friends in this administration, friends more interested in its survival than in its reform.

Assured of all-out US support, the junta has become increasingly rightist and authoritarian. During the very week that the State Department released its memo accusing Moscow and Havana of supplying the Salvadoran rebels, the junta arrested Colonel Adolfo Majano, a liberal who had gone into hiding after his removal from the government. One of the prime movers of the stymied reform program, Majano, before being evicted from the junta, had accused certain high-ranking military officers of collusion with the death squads.

The case of Majano, who refuses to join the guerrillas in hopes of replacing the junta with a more broad-based coalition, dramatizes the political degeneration that has taken place in El Salvador. The center has collapsed, leaving an authoritarian, US-backed junta on one side, and Marxist-led, communist-supported guerrillas on the other. The junta, under no external pressure to reform or to broaden its base, offers itself to Washington as the only alternative to a Marxist regime on the Nicaraguan model.

Carter tried to avoid the dilemma by gently nudging the junta toward reform. But he could never nudge very far because the junta knew that when the chips were down he would side with the government against the rebels. The crunch came last December and January. Following the assassination of the four American church workers, the US cut off all economic and military aid to the junta pending an investigation of the role of the government's own security forces in the murder. A few days later, however, it restored economic aid for fear the junta would collapse. Then on January 17, just three days before leaving office, Carter restored full-scale military aid. The reason given was that the guerrillas reportedly were receiving aid from Cuba through Nicaragua. As the junta leaders had bet, the US would not let them flounder. Now the Reagan administration has promised to increase that aid and has "delinked" the investigation of the nuns' murder from the resumption of aid.

At the same time that it announced full backing for the Salvadoran junta, the administration announced that it was lifting the ban on Export-Import Bank financing for US exports to Chile. The ban was imposed in 1979 after the Chilean government refused to prosecute three Chilean intelligence officers indicted by a US court for having assassinated, on American soil, a former official in the Allende government, Orlando Letelier. How ironic that the Reaganites, having deplored state terrorism against Americans in Iran and swearing that they will never tolerate it again, are now rewarding it in El Salvador and Chile.

The administration's case for the junta, and the argument on which it hopes to base public and congressional support for its policies, is that the Salvadoran guerrillas are not just a leftist opposition movement, but are agents of what we used to call the international communist conspiracy. Phrased in this way the choice becomes one between our friends, brutal and authoritarian though they may be, and the Kremlin's friends. Thus the Haig memo, designed to demonstrate that the Salvadoran insurrection is being fed from abroad, that it is a communist plot orchestrated in Russia, coordinated by Cuba, and imple-

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mented by the Marxist government in Nicaragua. The Salvadoran opposition movement is not an indigenous insurrection, a localized response to an oppressive regime and a failed revolution, the State Department asserts, but "has been progressively transformed into a textbook case of indirect armed aggression by communist powers."

This is the kind of language that Congress and the public can be expected to respond to. On emerging from a briefing by the secretary of state, House Majority Leader Jim Wright solemnly expressed his conviction that "Central America is probably more vitally important to us than any other part of the world." Although the congressman was more likely engaging in the hyperbole of his profession than expressing a considered judgment, he pledged his support for the struggle against international communism. More instructive was the reaction of Senator Charles Percy, new chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, who asserted that "outside forces should be on notice that this nation will do whatever is necessary to prevent a communist state takeover in El Salvador."

Now there is a statement fully in line with past American policy. It is, after all, exactly what Lyndon Johnson had in mind in 1965 when he sent the Marines to the Dominican Republic, and what Nixon and Kissinger did in "destabilizing" the Marxist government of Chile. It also has some chilly parallels. The analysis of the Salvadoran guerrilla movement rests on assumptions we have heard—and suffered from—before: that leftist insurrection has no true domestic causes, that it is a virus imported from Eastern Europe, that by definition it is part of an international communist conspiracy directed from the Kremlin, and that it can be stamped out by a firm American military response.

What is happening in El Salvador today is all too reminiscent of what took place in Vietnam in the early 1960s, and the American reaction is ominously similar: the same frustrated demands for reform by peasants and a disaffected middle class, the same repression by a ruling regime dependent on military force for authority, the same appeal to the United States by that regime for support against its own people, and the same polarization of forces as moderates are driven toward insurrection by their inability to secure redress from a repressive regime.

To be sure, Haig says he has no intention of involving the nation in another Vietnam. No doubt he means it. But what happens if the Salvadoran army, like that of South Vietnam, is unable to subdue the rebels? What if it loses control of the countryside? Will the United States, once it has made a commitment and its prestige has been involved, allow a client regime to be defeated? Or will it increase its scale of support, using first air and naval forces, and then ultimately its own troops? This is the question every American has to ask now, not after it is too late, and one the administration must answer.

Now that the administration has embarked on a policy of full aid to the Salvadoran junta, where can it look for support? Not to our European allies, who have expressed as much skepticism about this colonial adventure as they did about the last one. When Lawrence Eagleburger, Haig's emissary, made the rounds of NATO with the famous memo listing assignations between guerrilla leaders and foreign communists he elicited little more than lifted eyebrows and a promise to study the matter further. They have heard it all before, from equally eager emissaries who regularly used to brief them on the number of carbines and mortars being smuggled down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The last thing the Europeans want is to see the United States involved in a guerrilla war in the jungles of Central America.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S efforts to portray the Salvadoran insurrection as a threat to the Western hemisphere have been equally unsuccessful. The major nations of Latin America no longer sit supinely in Washington's shadow. A nationalistic ferment has spread through the entire region, upsetting the old colonial relationship with the United States and stimulating more assertive and independent policies. Cuba is no longer the lodestar for Latin American radicals: its economic mistakes have been too abysmal, its dependence on the Soviets too abject. But neither is it a pariah among Latin moderates. In the 1960s every Latin American nation except Mexico followed Washington in breaking relations with Cuba; today 14 governments in the area have embassies in Havana.

In trying to blame Cuba for the guerrilla movement in El Salvador, the Reagan administration is not only ignoring the real sources of the insurrection in that country and throughout the region—poverty and political repression—but setting itself up for a confrontation with Mexico. The Mexicans, with their new oil wealth and new sense of independence from Washington, have challenged US support for the Salvadoran junta. The people of El Salvador must "solve their own problems," the Mexican foreign minister declared. Otherwise "the bloodshed will be even greater and the conflict will inevitably become an international one." The head of Mexico's ruling party, the PRI, said that Mexico would support a people "that fights for its freedom," and in Nicaragua assured the Sandinistas that they were "not alone." And Mexican president Jose Lopez Portillo, whom none would label a radical, recently went out of his way to express his "deep love" for Cuba and to warn Washington against armed intervention in Central America.

One need have no illusions about the revolutionary sentiments of Mexico's ruling party. Politicians who find it expedient to pay lip service to revolution for domestic political purposes abhor it in practice. But Lopez Portillo, who is the voice of the new industrializing Mexico, recognizes that radicalism is growing throughout Central America. What he fears is that it

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may seep across the border into Mexico. Where he differs from Alexander Haig is in recognizing that it cannot be stamped out by US military intervention. Tranquility in Central America is a vital interest for Mexico, and it can come only through an accommodation with forces demanding a change in ancient patterns of privilege and power.

Mexico's ambitions—the desire to seek a peaceful outlet for radicalism, to encourage broader-based regimes, to accommodate forces of change, to play a more assertive role in Central America, and to project abroad the image of progressivism and independence that accords with domestic sentiment—put it at odds with a US administration that harks back to the days of Theodore Roosevelt and the big stick. The only difference is that TR spoke softly. It would be ironic, to say the least, if the Reaganites succeeded in shutting off the small flow of arms into El Salvador from Cuba only to have the Mexicans take up the slack.

The administration is in a muscle-flexing mood. Its elaborate account of how the Salvadoran guerrillas are being supplied by communist and "radical" states takes one back to the days of the press briefings in the Vietnam War and the tales of mortar shells seeping down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. The foreign-supplied shells were real, but so was the insurrection. At that time the purpose of demonstrating foreign involvement was to provide a reason for bombing North Vietnam. Is the declaration that there will be no sanctuaries and the threat to blockade Cuba a harbinger of what we may expect? Does it presage not only unlimited aid to the junta, but, if need be, direct US involvement in the form of air strikes or even troops?

If so, we can expect our allies to start paddling the other way. The Europeans know that two can play the game of blockade, and when they, and particularly the Germans, hear that word, they think first not of Cuba, but of Berlin. Washington's get-tough act is likely to fracture NATO just at the time when apprehension over Poland seemed to be giving it a long-lacking sense of cohesion.

Do you get a queasy feeling that you've been through all this before? You have. And if you're too young to remember the beginning of the Vietnam War, here's your chance to relive a bit of history. But the assumptions turned out to be wrong then, and they're just as wrong in Central America today. The insurgency in El Salvador, even if aided by Russians, Cubans, Czechs, Bulgarians, Ethiopians, and every other culprit listed in the State Department's memo, is essentially a native product. The Soviets are profiting from the fact that the guerrillas have nowhere else to turn for support.

Getting tough in El Salvador is not going to make the Russians fall in line in Africa and the Middle East, let alone in Poland. Nor is it going to protect US interests in Central America. There are serious problems facing this country today, problems that concern the rebuilding of a dynamic economy and of protecting strategic interests. El Salvador is not a strategic interest. It is a dangerous distraction. Nations that cannot distinguish between the two end up paying dearly.

Ronald Steel

Everyplace is not Vietnam.

The Liberal Test in El Salvador

by Penn Kemble

A great deal is being said about the importance of El Salvador as the first test of the Reagan foreign policy. But El Salvador represents a test for American liberals, too. For Reagan the test is not just whether his administration can be forceful enough to prevent an externally promoted communist military victory, but whether it is politically astute enough to promote reforms that will deny the communists the internal support to help them prevail. For American liberals, the test is whether they have the intellectual integrity to support in practice the kind of reforms they advocate in rhetoric and in theory, or whether they still are so mesmerized by the Vietnam experience that they will automatically shrink from any difficult foreign involvement, even if that means that the totalitarian left will triumph.

During the past year, a sweeping land reform program has begun in El Salvador, conceived and carried

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out by the governing civilian/military junta with energetic assistance from a group of American trade unionists and agrarian experts. Land reform has been accompanied by tight banking and export controls which have prevented landowners from stripping the country of capital and equipment. A so-called "final offensive" by leftist guerrilla groups last month failed to topple the government even though it was well supplied with arms. It fizzled because it lacked popular support. The *campesinos* and urban poor turned a cold shoulder on their would-be liberators, in no small part because of the land reform program.

BUT THERE has been little cheering for these reforms on the American left. Ironically, it's been the Reagan administration, whose far-right supporters once denounced the land reformers as "Marxist revolutionaries," which has been defending this program for radical economic change. On February 18, in a statement that must have left Jesse Helms sputtering, the State Department announced that "the United States, with its long tradition of democratic change, recognizes and supports the need for democratic change in El Salvador."

While the Reagan administration was edging over to a defense of the reforms, some on the left were oiling up the rusty remains of the anti-Vietnam War machine for a campaign against them. In testimony before a House subcommittee on February 25, representatives Gerry Studds, Barbara Mikulski, and Robert Edgar—echoing the views of a number of groups on the religious and political left—declared that "economic assistance to El Salvador's land reform program should be suspended. . . ."

If this stange role reversal goes much further, it could help assure liberals and Democrats the isolation and futility that conservatives and Republicans enjoyed for several generations. The effects on the people of El Salvador could be a good deal worse.

Liberals need to begin facing one basic fact—that the insurgency in El Salvador is dominated by Communists. Studds, Mikulski, and their co-thinkers claimed it is not. Their judgment echoed a *New York Times* ad last month wistfully headlined "Let the People of El Salvador Decide," and signed by everybody from Bella Abzug to Andrew Young. This issue did not receive the attention it deserves in the vast compendium of materials on El Salvador recently issued by the State Department. The Reagan administration is preoccupied with where the insurgents' bullets are coming from, not so much with the political character of those who are firing them.

The left in El Salvador is a hodgepodge of terrorist, guerrilla, and political organizations, including some with non-communist origins. It's true that the country's tiny Social Democratic party, led by Guillermo Ungo, and a minority of its Christian Democratic party joined the left shortly after the 1979 coup that brought the present government to power. But in May 1980 the various factions of the left, including the Communist party of El Salvador, met in Havana, where they established a Unified Revolutionary Directorate (DRU) as their general executive body. In November 1980 they formed the Farabundo Marti People's Liberation Front to coordinate the guerrilla fighting itself. Importantly, none of the so-called moderate organizations is represented in either of these two command structures. They are relegated to an auxiliary body, the Revolutionary Democratic Front, which serves mainly to cultivate support from other Latin American governments, European Social Democrats, and credulous journalists and academics. The six organizations that constitute the command structure all are distinctly totalitarian in ideology and character. The "moderate" organizations fully accept their subordinate role, and describe their own public relations operation as that of "one more soldier in the revolutionary process."

North Americans and Europeans are often told that the Catholic church in El Salvador is supporting the insurgency, and in some way will steer it away from its Castroite commandantes. Although some Catholic clergy who serve in the country—many of them foreigners—have assisted the extreme left in one way or another, the position of the Salvadoran church has been widely misrepresented. For example, in a homily delivered on January 18 at the Metropolitan Cathedral in San Salvador, Archbishop Rivera y Damas, successor to the martyred Archbishop Romero, said this about the left's attempt to seize power: "[An] important reason why the Salvadoran people do not give support to this storm of war is that the elements of the left which have launched the so-called general offensive have never been clear and specific with the people. In general, the people know that what is leftist is communist. That is one clear thing the people do know."

ALTHOUGH sharply criticizing the extreme right, the archbishop went on to argue that the insurrection was not justified in the eyes of the church because "It is not clear that the consequences of the establishment of a new government of a socialist type will be an improvement over the system which the current government is attempting to promote."

It is also argued to and by liberals that the left bears only minor responsibility for the death and bloodshed that seem to be everywhere in El Salvador. One does not have to excuse violence by the far right—some of it hideously sadistic—in order to condemn the brutality of the extreme left. Constantine Menges of the Hudson Institute has closely studied the public statements of the guerrilla groups and makes this observation:

> Tabulating the numerous specific reports made by the six Communist groups operating under the DRU/FMLN command, and attempting to avoid double counting, the total they claim to have killed is between 5,000 and 6,000 persons. This includes many hundreds of presumed informers who were executed during the occupations of

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towns. In addition, the extreme left took more than 500 hostages during 1980, occupied eight foreign embassies during the last two years, and systemically burned factories, land storage facilities and markets in the effort to bring an economic breakdown.

If the left did kill between 5,000 and 6,000 people, it is responsible for roughly half of the generally accepted death count for the country as a whole during the past year—from 10,000 to 12,000 people.

If the Salvadoran left is totalitarian, brutal, and unpopular, the far right is also abhorrent to most Americans. Oligarchy and rightist savagery are becoming equally abhorrent to Central Americans, who will no longer tolerate living in a banana republic. If the right should regain power through a military coup, it soon would be confronted by the kind of irrepressible popular revulsion that swept Anastasio Somoza away two years ago in nearby Nicaragua.

IT WOULD BE useful if liberals worked seriously to persuade the Reagan administration to speak and act more firmly against the far right. The FBI ought to keep closer watch on the activities of rightist Salvadorans in Miami. Firm steps should be taken to prevent anyone in the US from participating in violent attempts to weaken the government or threaten the citizens of El Salvador. The US also should take serious precautions to see that our military assistance is not exploited by those in El Salvador's armed forces who hope to overturn the present government or the reform policy we are ostensibly supporting.

But liberals should also recognize that the government of El Salvador is not a creature of the extreme right simply because its security forces harbor some right-wing extremists. The current government, after all, came to power in 1979 in a coup that deposed the die-hard rightist regime of President Humberto Romero. It has since turned back at least three attempted coups by the far right. It enacted the land and banking reforms, and sent its soldiers into the field to put them into effect. Today, in the midst of a desperate civil war, it is the Salvadoran junta that is reminding the Reagan administration and the world that social and economic problems are its gravest concern. El Salvador's president, Jose Napoleon Duarte, the latest democratically elected leader the country has had, was himself ousted by the military in 1972, and has been physically tortured by rightist goons. He and the government he represents deserve better than a dismissive slur.

Nor does it seem quite appropriate to write off the coalition government as too weak and unstable to deserve US support. In the last 14 months it not only has endured terror and attempted coups from the right, but also has survived terror, three attempted general strikes, and the massively armed "final offensive" mounted by the left—not to mention hectoring from Mexico and other neighbors, and from various defeated politicians of the Socialist International who have gone seeking adventure in Latin revolution.

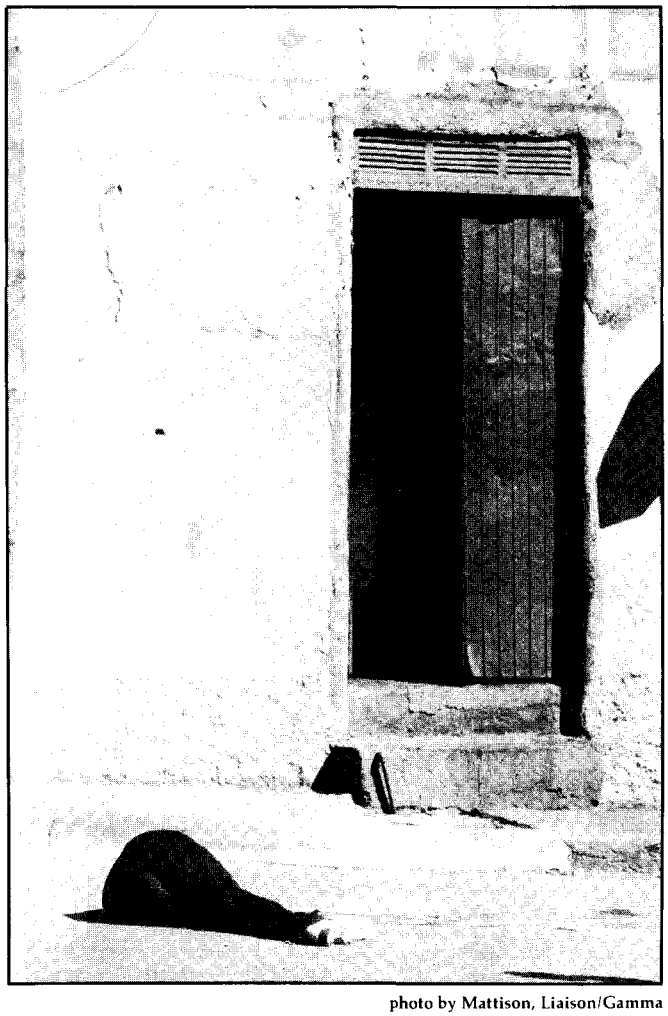

photo by Mattison, Liaison/Gamma

But the Duarte government will need a lot of help—more than the economic assistance that former ambassador Robert E. White argues is all we should provide. There is evidence that although the flow of arms from Nicaragua into El Salvador may have slowed, it is still coming in through Costa Rica, Panama, and Honduras. Among these supplies are heavy artillery which the guerrillas have not yet been trained to use. With such equipment, El Salvador's army can be kept at bay while terrorists and political operatives on the left work to create circumstances favorable for another offensive.

It may be true, as Ambassador White argues, that El Salvador would be under considerable social and economic strain even without Cuba's involvement. But can he believe that if Cuba were absent the turmoil would be as bloody and as great a threat to liberty and hemispheric security as it is now? For much of its tenure, the Carter administration could not distinguish between the totalitarian left and movements for democratic reform, but even it finally saw in El Salvador the need to provide military aid.

Liberals, of all people, should be dedicated to reform and opposed to totalitarianism. In El Salvador, an authentically liberal policy would accept the necessity of US military aid and training, but would put greater

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stress on political and social reform than the Reagan administration is likely to unless pushed. Such an approach offers the greatest hope of avoiding another Vietnam-style involvement by the US. It also offers the hope that El Salvador will be spared a remorseless totalitarian government that will drive many of its people into exile and prison, that will invade or conspire against its neighbors and ship arms to communist terrorists and guerrillas far from its own borders. (Those who want to lecture on the lessons of Vietnam would do well to bear in mind not only what happened to us, but what happened to the Vietnamese, Cambodian, and Laotian people after the Communists came to power.)

THE BASIS for a liberal policy for El Salvador is the land reform program. Land reform had long been in the program of El Salvador's democratic politicians. It was not, as both the Communists and our own new right allege, conceived by the State Department. Duarte sought it in 1972, which helps explain why the military right overturned his election. The military government itself half-heartedly tried to implement it in 1975. The chance came again in 1980, and this time an ambitious program was launched.

The coalition that took power in 1979 quickly sought assistance from an independent peasant organization, the Union Communal Salvadorena, which had developed close ties to the American Institute for Free Labor Development, an AFL-CIO-sponsored training and technical assistance program for labor unions in Latin America and the Caribbean. The UCS demanded a strong role in shaping the program, and insisted that its secretary-general, Rodolfo Viera, be named head of the agrarian reform institute. Viera called on the AIFLD for assistance, and was joined by Michael Hammer, Mark Pearlman, and two experts who had worked on land reform in South Vietnam, Professor Roy Prosterman and Mary Temple.

Prosterman is a man fascinated by land reform, and his theories are engaging. He argues that the "economic miracles" of Japan, Taiwan, and South Korea are not the product of inscrutable forces, but result from a highly productive agriculture that frees labor and capital for industrial development. He contends this agricultural productivity is due to land reform programs—modeled on General Douglas MacArthur's work in occupied Japan—which gave "land to the tillers," thereby creating incentives among individual farm owners to improve their harvests. The owner-farmers of Japan, Taiwan, and South Korea, says Prosterman, outproduce the collective rice farmers of China, acre for acre, by 25 to 65 percent and those of Cuba by 85 to 150 percent, and they surpass the tenant farmers of the Philippines, India, and Bangladesh by even more.

Prosterman's ideas, however, have not been put into practice in friendly times. The Marxist-Leninists find them detestably petit-bourgeois. Serious Communists understand that a major purpose for the collectivization of agriculture is the social control of the farm population. The romantic left simply regards food production as a forbidding bore. Nor have American conservatives been much more receptive. Although they extol and protect the family farm in the US, internationally they side with mandarins and brahmins who resist land reform. More recently, they understandably have grown wary of talk of "reform," which frequently has been promoted by those whose real intention was to destabilize our allies.

But El Salvador's land reform program has gone forward despite its opponents on the left and the right. In March 1980 the very large estates—over 1,250 acres—became producer cooperatives owned by the peasants who work them (not state-owned collective farms, as some conservatives have alleged). Payment, in a mixture of cash and government bonds, is being made to the former owners on the basis of the land valuations that they declared on their 1976-77 tax returns. The AFL-CIO's advisers and virtually all other observers contend that the harvests this year from these large estates will at least equal those of previous years—despite the civil war.

In April 1980 all lands then being worked by sharecroppers and tenant farmers were given to these peasants. Here, too, the previous owners were compensated. The smaller plots grow corn and grain rather than cash crops such as sugar, coffee, and cotton, but again production reportedly is good—a claim sustained by satellite observation.

BUT THE REFORMS are still incomplete, and the extreme right still dreams of reversing them. Formal titles to the land barely have begun to be distributed—a cause of concern to the embattled *campesinos*. In part this is due to the difficulties of surveying and administering claims, and in part to the enduring resistance of some among the landlords and the military. Mid-size estates, which include most of the valuable coffee lands, remain untouched. Many of these are owned by members of the military, and their families and friends. But the gravest difficulty is the continuing violence, which has claimed the lives of several hundred agrarian workers and 24 union leaders. Last month Rodolfo Viera himself was killed and also his two AIFLD co-workers, Michael Hammer and Mark Pearlman. Without an effective, independent peasant organization, the political benefit of the land reform cannot be realized. Those who murdered these three —left or right—understood that.

Failure of the latest guerrilla offensive has brought talk of a "political solution," often couched in the pious duplicity of those who seek time and advantage for another stab at total power. A political solution is indeed the preferred liberal solution, but there are many kinds of political solutions. The pro-communist left would like to blackmail its way to power, using the threat of war and terrorism to win in negotiation what

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it cannot win today either in open battle or in a free contest for popular support. (This strategy also should be remembered by Americans of every persuasion as among the lessons of Vietnam.)

El Salvador's junta says it wants free elections, and the Reagan administration has backed holding elections as soon as next year. Elections are not mentioned, sad to say, in the declarations of "solidarity with the Salvadoran people" that now pour forth from our own religious and political left. A liberal policy of modest military assistance, support for land reform, and support for free elections—matched by active restraint of the violent right—could help save El Salvador. It could also help save American liberalism from the intellectual and political desolation that lies ahead if it heedlessly yields another country to totalitarian rule.

Censorship is freedom, licensing is protecting.

Brave News World

by Charles Krauthammer

For a decade the New World Information Order has been a slogan in search of a plan. Last month in Paris UNESCO proposed a plan: a commission to license and protect journalists and ensure that they comply with the "generally accepted" ethics of their profession. Last-minute maneuvering by Western delegates blocked the proposal. The whole incident, which aroused pained and plaintive cries of foul play, particularly from the Western press, appeared to have sprung up overnight and to have died just as quickly. It hadn't. The Paris meeting was simply another inconclusive skirmish in the running battle between have and have-not countries over the New World Information Order.

Like its companion New World Economic Order, which calls for redistribution of the international power of the purse, the NWIO is a demand for redress of perceived inequities, this time over the power of the word. Its motto is "the free and balanced flow of information." Its manifesto, commissioned by the non-aligned movement in Havana in 1978 and written by Mustafa Masmoudi, Tunisia's representative to UNESCO, charges the West with creating and perpetuating an imbalance in the world's flow of information under the guise of maintaining freedom. The alleged result is a vast and insidious cultural imperialism built on a Western monopoly of the means of international communication. The remedy proposed is twofold: first, creating an indigenous third world information infrastructure in a spirit of "collective self-reliance"—which means a transfer of Western technology to poorer countries, no strings attached. And second, controlling the Western behemoth by restricting its access to and dissemination of information in developing countries. That means overhauling the notion of freedom of the press. Masmoudi explains:

> The traditional concept of rights in the field of communications is founded on individualist considerations, to the detriment of collective needs. Freedom of information . . . has become an instrument of domination in the hands of the owners of the information media. Juridically it upholds the rights of the 'informer' and is silent on his duties and responsibilities towards the 'informed.'

The press, quite literally an informer, must make way for the new order and its new right of "objectivity of information and balance in its presentation." And to secure these rights, certain steps need to be taken. First, "regulation of the right to information by preventing abusive uses of the right of access." Second, "definition of appropriate criteria to govern truly objective news selection." Third, establishment of a professional code of ethics, enforced by a tribunal empowered to punish violaters who disseminate false or distorted information. And fourth, creation of an international convention defining the right of reply for maligned states. This would include "a list of precisely defined infringements [of] prestige, culture and values."

These remedies are justified by the West's exploitation of the means of communication. The West has plundered the natural informational resources, from the electromagnetic spectrum to parking spaces for satellites in geo-stationary orbit. And it also has monopolized the means of production, most importantly the wire services. The big four news agencies—AP, UPI, Reuters, and Agence France-Presse—produce almost 90 percent of the world's foreign news and "monopolize among themselves all that exists of material and human potential." As a result the third world must see itself through Western eyes. And what it sees is unbalanced and distorted. Unbalanced because less than 30 percent of the news is about the developing world, which has 75 percent of the world's population. And distorted because the developing world is por-

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trayed as a place of violence, disaster, crime, war, and corruption.

There is less to these charges than meets the eye. Consider first the distortion charge, that only the bad news about the third world is reported. One of the few empirical studies of this question was carried out for UNESCO by Phil Harris of Leicester University. He looked at more than 4,000 stories sent out in one month by Reuters, AFP, and UPI and concluded that they did not portray the third world as a place of endemic tragedy and disaster. A more sophisticated version of the distortion charge is that the West sees third world events in Western terms and not in the context of "development." In his 1980 book, *The Geopolitics of Information*, Anthony Smith cites as a particularly grievous example coverage of the 1978 coup in Afghanistan. "Almost all informed Western newspapers treated the event as the occasion to inquire 'is the new leadership pro-West or pro-Soviet?' long before they came around to writing about conditions in Afghanistan or the importance of the new regime for its people." From the perspective of 1981, it's clear the newspapers could not have asked a more pertinent question.

Even if it were true that bad news dominates Western coverage of the third world, what of it? The same is true of press coverage of the US, a source of great distress to Spiro Agnew, among others. Plainly, the unusual is what news, as opposed to propaganda and mere information, is about. As former United States Information Agency director Leonard Marks explains, "when a plane lands safely in Malawi that is not news, but when it crashes, it is."

On a per capita basis Western coverage does under-represent the third world. It also under-represents much of the first world. Indianapolis gets less coverage than Washington because the ruling principle in journalism is not distributive justice but newsworthiness. It may not be fair, but events in Britain are more likely to be newsworthy—of greater impact on the rest of the world and of wider interest—than events in Guyana. Furthermore, compared to the West, third world countries are harder to get to, harder to get around in, and harder to get news out of. A major reason is that third world governments are more likely to restrict access to sources and to censor—a trend that the NWIO seeks to strengthen. After all, it's not a Western news monopoly that accounts for the paucity of news coming out of Albania. And there certainly is enough news of the third world to go around. The AP alone produces as many words in a single day as *Time* does in 10 years. Even if only a small percentage deals with the third world, there is certainly enough to fill up a newspaper. For example, Asian radio and newspapers use only about 20 percent of the third world news they receive. And a UNESCO study by Robert L. Stevenson of the University of North Carolina concluded that the data support neither the contention that the Western agencies ignore the third world nor that they single it out for special negative treatment.

Finally, the monopoly charge. It contains some truth, but not enough to warrant either breast-beating or stone-throwing. Do the Western media bypass governments to impose their values on third world peoples? In most third world countries wire service copy goes first to government authorities who decide what is printable. It is they who control the flow of information. They decide what newspapers to allow and what programs to place on television. Third world governments are also free to pursue other sources of information. And they do. There are dozens of news agencies throughout the world, some explicitly focusing on the problems of the developing world, like Inter Press Service of South America and the Tanjung Non-aligned News Pool based in Yugoslavia.

RADIO IS THE one medium that local government cannot control. People generally can listen to what they want. The results are instructive. The overwhelming megahertz champion of the shortwave world is the Soviet Union. Every week it broadcasts more than 2,000 hours of radio programing in 84 languages. But according to Smith, in Africa no more than one or two percent of listeners tune in. The BBC, with far fewer hours, reaches more than 50 percent of listeners. Colonial heritage undoubtedly plays a part in this phenomenon. Another part is played by the official Soviet philosophy of overseas news transmission, which is to "systematically explain the peace-loving foreign policy of the CPSU, disseminate information of the achievements of real socialism, publicize the Soviet way of life and expose the concoctions of bourgeois ideology." Despite what their NWIO-espousing guardians claim, Africans seem quite capable of distinguishing garbage from quality. The main reason people in developing countries rely on Western news sources is the same reason people in Prague listen to the midnight news from Vienna. It is not monopoly, but reliability.

No one claims that Western media do not enjoy a dominant role in world information flow. But the telegraph, radio, television, wire services, and satellites are the product of Western genius, not colonial rapacity. And no one denies that third world leaders have the right to invoke informational protectionism to nurture infant communications industries in the face of formidable Western competition. But many third world journalists suspect that the accompanying claim—that centralized control of information is necessary for development—is a thin rationalization for political elites seeking to monopolize power. They see the NWIO as a device to redistribute power not between nations but within them. As one Kenyan editor points out, the NWIO is the cause not of journalists but of politicians.

For the last 10 years, UNESCO has served these politicians well. As early as 1972 UNESCO identified Western media as tools for "the domination of the world public opinion . . . a source of moral and cultu-

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ral pollution." At the 1974 UNESCO meeting the Soviets took up the cause. They introduced a "draft declaration of fundamental principles governing use of the mass media in strengthening peace and international understanding and in combatting war propaganda, racism, and apartheid." The resolution urged governments to use media to further social and political goals and proclaimed that "states are responsible for the activities in the international field of all mass media under their jurisdiction." A year later they gained Arab support by throwing in Zionism as another capital crime that the media should be combatting. Fifteen Western nations walked out in protest, but at the next general meeting, in Nairobi in 1976, the West decided to bargain. It was able to postpone action on the Soviet declaration for two more years. The price was agreement to establish a commission chaired by Sean MacBride (the former Irish foreign minister and winner of the Nobel and Lenin peace prizes) to study international communication problems. Two years later, the West compromised again, agreeing to a new UNESCO declaration conferring legitimacy on the New World Information Order.

BY THE TIME the next meeting took place in Belgrade in 1980, MacBride had issued his report. It took a middle path. On the one hand it supported third world charges of domination and victimization by Western media, expressed a clear preference for noncommercial (meaning governmental) forms of communication, and called for limiting the activities of the transnational news agencies. It took an equivocal position on the right of reply. However, it came out strongly against "protection" for journalists on the grounds that protection could be used as a wedge to exert control through licensing. And by recommending an end to censorship and full access to unofficial as well as official news sources, it even managed to provoke a couple of dissents from the Soviet delegate.

At the 1980 meeting the West managed to resist more Soviet-backed resolutions to legitimize restricting press freedom. But it had to ante up again, this time with a commitment to a new entity within UNESCO to help third world countries build their communication capacities. This proposal fit in nicely with the overall US approach to UNESCO: contain the anti-free-press forces, cement relations with third world moderates, dampen down the ideological rhetoric, offer practical solutions, change attitudes by "delivering real benefits to the third world."

What is the point of this approach? What do we gain by fighting to contain the anti-free-press forces? There is no hope of bringing the Soviets or the third world to accept Western views on the free press. The price of this battle has been a continuing series of compromises. Some are more palatable than others. Multilateral communications aid to third world countries is not an unworthy project, though bilateral aid gives us more influence over who gets it and what uses it is put to. We would have little interest, for example, in expanding South Yemen's capacity for mass communication. Multilateral aid is even less palatable when it is extracted as the price for only mildly anti-free-press resolutions. Compromises on principle might be justified if we were receiving something in return. Our only gain in these exchanges has been the rather ephemeral goodwill of some third world moderates, defined in one State Department memo as those "who realize that attacking the West while seeking its support is counterproductive." And why are we obsessed with avoiding ideological debate on this issue? If we cannot defend freedom of the press, can we defend anything? It is we who should invoke vigorous ideological debate rather than retreat to the shelter of "pragmatism."

By ducking the ideological battle, by agreeing to compromises on language and principle, and by appeasing the UNESCO majority with promises of development aid, the US has finally achieved what one participant at Belgrade called a state of "hostile co-existence" with UNESCO. And the events last month in Paris demonstrated that even this was an overly optimistic estimate.

The Paris meeting was a deliberate attempt by the UNESCO secretariat to achieve what the MacBride commission had denied it—a justification for licensing journalists. The US was never told about the meeting in Paris. The State Department found out purely by accident while inquiring about another meeting. At that point, the UNESCO secretariat attempted to deceive the State Department as to the purpose of the meeting. Then it developed that the secretariat had packed the meeting with Eastern bloc and third world invitees. The meeting was to be closed and its results almost certain. It was only intense Western and media pressure that opened the meeting and produced a deadlock. For once, UNESCO's fear of the Western press was justified.

ONE OF THE two purposes of the NWIO is to improve communications within the third world. That we can support. The other is to provide international sanction for political control of domestic and foreign information sources. Such control already exists in the Soviet system and in many parts of the third world. UNESCO declarations will not make it any easier for journalists to get into Outer Mongolia or Argentinian prisons. Nor will it make it appreciably harder, but it will grant the international legitimacy that censors always crave and might encourage those nations currently waivering to choose press restrictions.

Our stand should be unequivocal. We should declare our unwillingness to compromise further and our belief that freedom of the press is not a matter subject to majority vote. If we are overruled, I suggest that we get up from the table, gather up our $49-million contribution to UNESCO, and go home.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Wild Moments and Tame Ones

Walter Huston once did a play about it (*Apple of His Eye*, 1946) and sang about it ("September Song" in *Knickerbocker Holiday*, 1938). Edward G. Robinson also did a play about it (*Middle of the Night*, 1956) and Fredric March later filmed it. What is "it"? Love between a middle-aged man and a girl. Here it is again, treated with sympathy and candor, in a French film called *One Wild Moment*. The source is unlikely: Claude Berri, who wrote and directed it, previously committed such minor crimes as *The Two of Us* and *The Sex Shop*, treacle and suburban tease respectively. Now, for whatever mysterious reason, Berri is at least temporarily more interested in truth than commercial consequences and, helped by a good cast, has made a good small film. Small, as a plastic bomb may be small.

Berri has complicated the basic situation by making the girl, who is not quite 18, the daughter of the 44-year-old man's best friend. This not only gives the pain an extra twist, it opens up more of the subterranean tremors. The two men have gone off for a seaside holiday in a rented villa with their two daughters, who are of an age and close friends. One man is Victor Lanoux, of *Cousin, Cousine*, who has quarreled with his wife: she has gone to Morocco and may join them later. The other man is Jean-Pierre Marielle, the ultra-proud aristocrat of *Let Joy Reign Supreme*, who is divorced. Marielle's daughter, Christine Dejoux, gives him trouble because she insists on living as she pleases; any requests from him, like getting home at a reasonable hour of the night, have the predictable effect. The angry case that Dejoux makes for being let alone may be neither logical nor mature, but it strikes familiar anguishes. Marielle's troubles with Lanoux's daughter, Agnes Soral, are especially poignant because they are reflections of his concerns about his own daughter.

The holiday begins usually enough. Too usually, in fact: the litany of radio commercials in the car as the four drive southward toward the sea made me think that Berri's persistent sea is platitude. But even before the knots of complication, the film becomes watchable because the four are amusingly realistic and well acted. In simplest terms, they are recognizable fellow creatures. (Recognizable even though topless bathing of daughters with fathers and others is not exactly Jones Beach.) Then one night Marielle drifts into a wedding on the beach of two of Soral's friends. A good time is being had by all, and soon by Marielle. Then there's some moonlight bathing, with the girls naked, the men in their briefs (the last prudishness is male nudity). And we sense what's going to happen. When Marielle and Soral come out on an isolated part of the beach, dripping wet and breathing hard and feeling good, and look at each other, it happens. (One nasty practical note. Wet bodies on the sand with no blanket? Er . . . really???)

It would have been bad enough if it were just what the title says, one wild moment. But Marielle has really started things: the girl tells him that she adores him, has adored him for years. They meet again, and—what's both horrible and reassuring—his own daughter tells him that she knows and understands. (Though it further weakens his hold on *her*, of course.) What's worse, Soral tells her father, Lanoux, that she has made love for the first time: she had always promised to tell him, though she had said it would be beforehand. (She won't identify the man.) Lanoux takes this difference as cause for anger—he clearly wants such a cause in order to discard his lofty modern permissiveness—and rampages around the resort town suspecting men, at last assaulting one man. Marielle witnesses some of this and confesses. Lanoux is stunned. In a way Marielle is the more shaken: by the fact that it is his friend's daughter of his own daughter's age; by the fact that she loves him so warmly, so truthfully; by the fact that he is responding with much more than the wild-moment feeling. The picture ends—a cliché to match the opener—with a freeze-frame of Marielle and Soral. They are apparently going to have a try at being serious about their feelings for each other. Perhaps even marriage.

A lot of live nerves are naturally and disturbingly entangled here, most of them bound to the complications of father-daughter relationships. Lanoux's rage when he learns that his daughter is now a non-virgin has the usual (unspoken) source: if society forbids me to be my daughter's lover, how dare anyone else be? And of course Marielle, by loving Soral, is vicariously sleeping with his own daughter. All this is true without being in the least sordid, any more than the fact that many men marry women who, consciously or not, remind them of their mothers. And Dejoux's acceptance of her father's affair with

Films Worth Seeing

Les Bons Débarras (*Good Riddance*). A 13-year-old French-Canadian girl contrives desperately, immorally, unsuccessfully, to preserve the perfect love between her mother and herself. Beautifully acted.

Kagemusha. Akira Kurosawa, nearly 70 and pretty near the top of his form, with a 16th-century epic in which war is the setting for all drama.

Napoleon. Abel Gance's four-hour silent film, 1927, explodes with high-flown visual rhetoric. Unique, overwhelming, questionable only later.

Raging Bull. An Italian-American prizefighter as an almost medieval embodiment of Fury. Robert De Niro, the star, Martin Scorsese, the director, pack the screen from first frame to last.

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her friend is, irritatingly to him, her tacit knowledge that her friend is a kind of proxy for herself. But *that's* not all: the feeling between Marielle and Soral is in itself affecting, Freudian linkages or not. And that feeling has built into it the time-pathos of all age-distanced relationships: because we aren't the same age, we can't possibly have our whole lives together, but if we were the same age, we might not feel the way we do, might not even have been attracted to each other.

Very little of this is said, a great deal of it is touchingly implicit. Lanoux presumably will recover—somewhat, anyway—if Marielle marries his daughter because then at least he can't feel that his friend trifled with his daughter. Marielle will take a hazing from some parts of society, but, if the marriage works—for a time, anyway—that will pass, and he'll probably gain more respect, even authority, with his own daughter. The marriage might well last a good long time: I foresee children. Within the framework of the film, however, the real "winners" are the two daughters. They have exposed the flimsiness of some conventions, to their fathers' embarrassment; one of them is wedded to a vicarious father and the other one knows it. It might all work out quite well.

If the film leads to fantasies about what might happen after the final freeze, that is another way of proving that Berri tapped something deep. I'd want to wait a bit before believing that Berri has come into any kind of enlarged artistic stature: lots of minor people in every art make occasional good works. But that's no reason to undervalue the good work he has done. A modest film with large and lasting echoes.

Ralph Bakshi has made one and a half of the best American animated films that I know. About half of *Heavy Traffic* (1973) and absolutely all of *Coonskin* (1975) are excellent. Live sequences are mingled with the drawn ones in these films, but that makes them better: the mixture has never before been done so well, and the live sequences make the animated sequences—which are the majority—seem like wonderful variations on given themes. Both pictures are bitterly, brightly sharp: sexy, caustic, gloomy, angry, and loving—about a lot of American matters, especially urban life and racial matters.

Then, plunk, came *The Lord of the Rings* (1978)—without live scenes. It was just as well drawn, but the tone—well, it wasn't even good Tolkien, according to those who like Tolkien. To me, it looked like the work of a chastised man whose "own" work hadn't made money and who had decided to get in line. I thought of it later when I saw Bertrand Blier's flaccid *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs* which he made after his trenchant *Going Places*.

Now comes Bakshi's *American Pop*, which is just American poop. The drawing is all right (no live sequences) though without any edge, but the script! It's about four generations of American-Jewish musicians, beginning with a Russian-born immigrant and ending with a punk-rocker. It was written by Ronni Kern, but it might have been done by the authors of *The Jazz Singer*.

I don't argue that Bakshi had to go on making the same sort of picture, but *American Pop* isn't even good sentiment. It looks like the work of one more housebroken, toilet-trained tiger.

Michael Ullman on jazz

Ron Carter

When in 1963 Ron Carter began his five years with the celebrated Miles Davis quintet, the 26-year-old bassist already had performed or recorded with Gil Evans, Cannonball Adderley, Chico Hamilton, Jaki Byard, Thelonious Monk, Herbie Mann, and Art Farmer. He had played straight 4/4 time behind Coleman Hawkins (*Night Hawk*, Prestige 2016) and stretched out with Bobby Timmons (*The Bobby Trio in Person*, Riverside 391). Carter had made four records with avant-gardist Eric Dolphy, including *Where* (Prestige 7843), which he co-led. Carter played cello on Dolphy's *Out There*, and his less than perfect pitch led several unsuspecting critics to talk about quarter-tones in the new jazz.

There have been few complaints about Carter's playing since then. A masterful accompanist whose sensitive, logical lines have invigorated countless jazz dates, Carter also has made his mark as a leader and composer: in the 20 years since *Where*, Carter has led more recording sessions than any other bassist besides Charles Mingus. He has played with symphony orchestras, with Aretha Franklin, and with the rock group Jefferson Airplane. Currently he fronts a trio in a Manhattan nightclub and travels with his two-bass quartet. One of the busiest men in the business, Carter has one professional regret—he'd like to be called to do more studio work. It's not that he particularly yearns to do TV jingles, though he is curious about that part of the business too. Rather, as he told me, "I'd like to have the chance to say no."

Carter lives in an airy mid-Manhattan apartment, its severe white walls masked with oversize paintings and sculpture by black artists, many of whom are Carter's friends. His living room is sparsely furnished with low-lying furniture that seems anxious to make itself scarce. In this setting Carter's spindly six-foot-four-inch frame seems boldly assertive. He has been called arrogant by those uncomfortable with self-acknowledged talent. Confident and thoughtful, he looks half his 43 years. He speaks softly in analytical phrases as well balanced as his musical lines.

One of eight children raised in and around Detroit, Carter started on cello, later playing in a string quartet with his musically gifted middle sisters. He heard jazz around the city, but rarely played it. His talent earned him a scholarship at the Eastman School in Rochester, from which he graduated in 1959, later earning a masters in bass from the Manhattan School of Music. He doesn't remember deciding to become a jazz musician:

> The transition that was made from the symphony orchestra to the jazz field was not a real transition. There was no door closing or door opening. Certainly I was made aware later in my college career that the classical orchestras and industry generally were not, and today are not, interested in being involved in major black talent. . . . I'm sure the discipline involved in classical study—having to practice x number of hours a day to prepare a specific lesson weekly, the discipline of doing assignments based on musical situations—I'm sure that's still an important part of what I do. Classical training may have given me a chance to better analyze what I do.

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> My ability to play jazz? It's just a gift. I've never looked at it beyond that. I never like to look behind certain things that have no immediate answer and appear to be beyond the realm of immediate logic.

Carter came to Manhattan after graduating from Eastman. He had little difficulty finding work: "At the time in New York there were a lot of jam sessions. Unfortunately there aren't now. But then there were four or five places where on a Monday night a guy could just club-hop and at some point, man, he'd get to play, because they're always looking for a bass player or a drummer." The jams led to intermittent and then steady jobs, including several gigs with the celebrated Eric Dolphy, whose eerie harmonic sense and eccentric rhythms made him one of the arresting figures in the new jazz.

As later recordings would demonstrate, Carter felt closer musically to the understated lyricism of players like Jim Hall and Art Farmer. He was with a Farmer group in 1963 when he got his big break: an invitation from Miles Davis to join his band. Art Farmer let him go, and Carter found himself playing with an all-star group that included Herbie Hancock on piano; Tony Williams, a dynamic young drummer from Boston; and on tenor George Coleman, and soon Wayne Shorter, the hard-bopping saxophonist whose langorous compositions would help open up the rhythms of the group. Carter blossomed in this company.

> I became much more sure of the direction I wanted to take, and playing with those kinds of players, it was easier to experiment and know that it will be OK. They gave me a new level of daring—knowing there's something else out there and this is the place to try to find out what it is—that helped all of our playing immensely. Not so much stylistically, but it helped us to find a direction to work on at some point.

Carter rarely soloed when he was with the Davis quintet, but he was important to the band's sound, providing a tactfully subdued background to Davis's intense statements, and strengthening the rhythm when necessary. On "Basin St. Blues" (*Seven Steps to Heaven*, Columbia 8851), from his first recording with the quintet, the bassist is very polite behind Miles, but he swells behind pianist Vic Feldman's relatively limp choruses, adding energy where energy was due. On "Autumn Leaves" (*Miles Davis in Europe*, Columbia 8985) Carter's casually singing phrases behind Davis are pretty as well as buoyant. Above all, Carter, Williams, and Hancock are flexible. To provide an expansive background for George Coleman's solo, Carter switches instantly to a steady 4/4 walking line while Williams splashes on his crash cymbal. It feels like a door has suddenly blown open. Later, rather than follow Coleman into double-time, Carter maintains tension by opposing a slower-paced counter-rhythm, making the best of the technical limitations of his instrument. Ballads such as "My Funny Valentine" emphasize the importance of Carter's effortlessly sustained notes and his ability to fill space unobtrusively with coherent patterns.

Pleased to be recording some of his own compositions ("R.J." and "Mood" on Davis's *E.S.P.*, Columbia 9150), Carter followed the trumpeter part way down his path to the rock-oriented recordings of the 1970s. He left the band in 1968. Carter continued to "keep the stuff happening" in the 1970s. His finest recordings, such as *Uptown Conversation* (Embryo SD 521), have the cohesion and balance of the best ensemble playing; coming away from a live Carter date, one often remembers not an individual solo, but the way the group cooked on the last choruses of "Three Little Words," "Blue Monk," or "Epistrophy." Working in clubs regularly, Carter's groups develop what he calls "rapport":

> It's necessary to play the clubs so we can cement the band's concept, make our identity official, and develop a rapport you can't get on a concert. You can't get that playing one concert a week unless you rehearse five hours a day. I hate to rehearse. The best place for me to do it is on the bandstand. We'll get together and discuss what I want to have done and some ideas to try out on the bandstand. If it doesn't work, good—tomorrow we won't do that.

In the past few years Carter has been playing a ¾-sized instrument called a "piccolo" bass. Its startling, compact sound enables him to play clean melodies over his group:

> Piccolo bass is just tuned a fourth higher than a bass—but it sounds much higher than it is. The instrument came upon me by accident. A friend of Richard Davis made the bass and called me to see if I would like to take a look at it. When I formed the band [his two-bass quartet] I wanted an instrument that would be dark enough to resemble the bass register but high enough in pitch to play on top of a rhythm section sound. The cello's range seemed much higher than I felt I wanted to deal with. The piccolo bass range is darker and far enough away from the bass range to allow me to play on top of the quartet without feeling that I sound shrill. I can also play a bass part with a second bassist that can sound like two basses of the same size.

In 1977 Carter, with pianist Kenny Barron, bassist Buster Williams, and percussionist Ben Riley, made *Piccolo* (Milestone 55004), which captures the springy, spirited improvising of this quartet. The ensemble sound is unique, the solos impressive. Kenny Barron in particular has rarely been showcased so effectively.

When this group broke up last year, Carter re-formed with a trio of younger musicians: Ted Lo on piano, Boots Maleson on bass, and percussionist Wilby Fletcher. They are still developing, traveling three months a year and working in New York City. Carter is "spending lots of time composing." In the past he has created a series of appealing tunes: naive waltzes such as the popular "Little Waltz," catchy blues such as "N.O. Blues," and Spanish-tinged pieces such as "Tierra Espanola." Recently he has completed a wholly notated piece for eight cellos, as well as a string quartet. Carter wants more free time to write, but likes to keep busy:

> I only turn something down if I'm not available. I've learned something from each record I've made. It's like when you chop down a tree, you see all these rings. Each record is like a ring that adds to the growth of the total tree, and I try to remember a thing or two from each record to add to my musical rings so that on the next gig the tree will be that much bigger—whether it's how to run a record date, how to score a chord for strings, how to mike the drums or the bass, or how to pick the library. There's so much stuff to learn if you just sit down and watch it go by. It's nice to go to studio gigs too. You develop other disciplines when you do dates that are not intensively creative—like you practice your

"ARGUING for a more modulated view of Soviet actualities than the one expressed recently by Ronald Reagan, George Kennan begins by quoting from *Troilus and Cressida*: 'Take but degree away, untune that string And hark! what discord follows.' Kennan apparently thinks the word 'degree' there means the opposite of 'oversimplification.' Shakespeare's Ulysses is actually referring to the degrees, that is, situations, in the social hierarchy. Was George depending upon Bartlett's?"

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intonation, practice your tone, practice the discipline of playing the same notes in the same order with the same quality for as many times as is called for. I use those kinds of dates when we don't feel pressed to be hip to develop some other part of the instrument that we don't have the chance to do otherwise. I need some space too. Creative players sometimes need the feeling of being able to play without the internal pressure and external expectations of the audience who want you to play something different each time you put your horn to your mouth or pick up the bass.

An ambitious and dedicated musician, a leader and composer as well as an instrumentalist, Carter wants to be thought of as a wholly creative person. As our talk ended, he asked me, almost as an afterthought, not to use a publicity photo that showed him playing the bass: "When I see a guy with a camera, I think of him as a photographer. I want to be thought of as more than just a bass player."

* * *

For an example of Carter's prowess as an accompanist, one should listen to Miles Davis's "My Funny Valentine," *My Funny Valentine* (Columbia 2306). Carter has been on the best recordings of many artists, including Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage* (Blue Note 84195), Joe Henderson's *Foresight* (Milestone 47058), Jim Hall's *Commitment* (Horizon 715), Bob Brookmeyer's *Bob Brookmeyer and Friends* (Columbia 36804), and Hank Jones's *The Great Trio Live at the Village Vanguard* (Inner City 6013). Of his own recordings I recommend *Piccolo* (Milestone 55004), *A Song for You* (Milestone 9086), and his stunning duets with Jim Hall on Milestone 9045. Carter's most recent recording, featuring all-star horn players Art Farmer, J. J. Johnson, and Hubert Laws, is *New York Slick* (Milestone 9096).

The return of 'Yank.'

Sad Sack Springs Back

by Paul Fussell

Some bright World War II Army veterans in Omaha (once a beach, now merely a city in Nebraska) are reissuing *Yank* ("By the men, for the men in the service") in perfect facsimiles of the original weekly numbers, and even civilians can subscribe. Which means that every seven days as you wonder how you're going to survive without water come summer or how you're going to avoid getting shot in the streets, you can raise your morale with *Yank*'s cartoons and jokes and poemlets and pinups and cool, resolute, optimistic human-interest features. Did our morale once need raising as badly as *Yank* implies? Yes, it did.

Especially in November 1942, when this edition of *Yank* (there were 21 worldwide) began appearing in London. The war for Americans was not yet a year old, and the only victories yet visible were those of production and transportation. The Marines hadn't yet won at Guadalcanal, and Americans were just landing in North Africa. There, if the general occupation was going to turn out a success, Kasserine Pass was going to be another disaster—for the Army what Pearl Harbor was to the Navy. In those days not everyone was sure we were going to win the war. *Yank* argued in its various ways that we were going to win, and it survived until September 1945, when we had. Its peak circulation was 2,600,000.

A typical issue would include a number of perfectly verifiable but inevitably encouraging news roundups like "From Russia to New Guinea the Situation Looks Better" (January 17, 1943). In addition to conveying good news, *Yank* also tried to smooth over inter-service feuds. One problem in 1942 and 1943 was persuading the Army that the Marines were not the fraudulent glory-hogs they seemed. The unity of "the Armed Forces" is insisted upon. Thus we have a "Navy Issue" and an "Air Force Issue." "The war effort" is projected as an implicit apotheosis of the New Deal. We are all in this together, not just various arms and services, but allies and races as well. We are assured that the Canadians, for all their tiny 11 million population, are really "the fighting Canadians," proud that every bit of their equipment is manufactured at home. We hear of the integrity and courage of various American "Negro" units: a full page in February 1943 celebrates the first 14 Negro officers trained in the European Theater of Operations and one double-spread exhibits "Hooper's Troopers," a black anti-aircraft unit operating in Hawaii.

One odd thing is *Yank*'s relative neglect of stateside sports. The magazine gave sports much less space and emphasis than, say, the current *New York Times*. One infers that in the last 40 years sports, by allying itself with big as well as show business, has promoted itself to "news." Another period sign in *Yank* is the sheer photo interest, the fascination with the very fact of photography as a news and feature medium. One senses the lingering excitement of a fairly recent discovery. Generically, *Yank* seems a conflation of *Life* (wide red strip at top and bottom of the cover, with the title in white sans-serif boldface) and the *New York Daily News* (lots of hustle in the prose, lots of small departments, brief so as not to tax the mind). Each time the center spread offered a large display of miscellaneous and unrelated photographs, "*Yank*'s Camera Report" or "Variety Show," honoring the convention of *Life*'s "Miscellany" page that photographs say more than prose.

In the early 1940s, while American boys were preparing to bomb women and children, their moral purity was still under the guardianship of the postmaster general. Thus the amazing chastity of the full-page pinups in *Yank*. With the bikini as unthought-of as the event for which it was named and with toplessness literally unthinkable, the girls, all well known like Jinx Falkenberg, Betty Grable, Betty Hutton, and Jane Russell, are depicted either in costly evening gowns, to make them glamorous, or one-piece bathing- or sunsuits, to make them cute. Occasions of snobbery they may be, but triggers of lust they are not, as one "Ground Crew Private" complained in "Mail Call": "I know you want to keep it clean, but after all the boys are interested in sex, and *Esquire* and a few other magazines give us sex and still get by the mail, so why can't *Yank*?" But *Yank* couldn't because its function was to soothe, not to excite. Besides, it displayed its girls on the No-Touch principle. Unlike the

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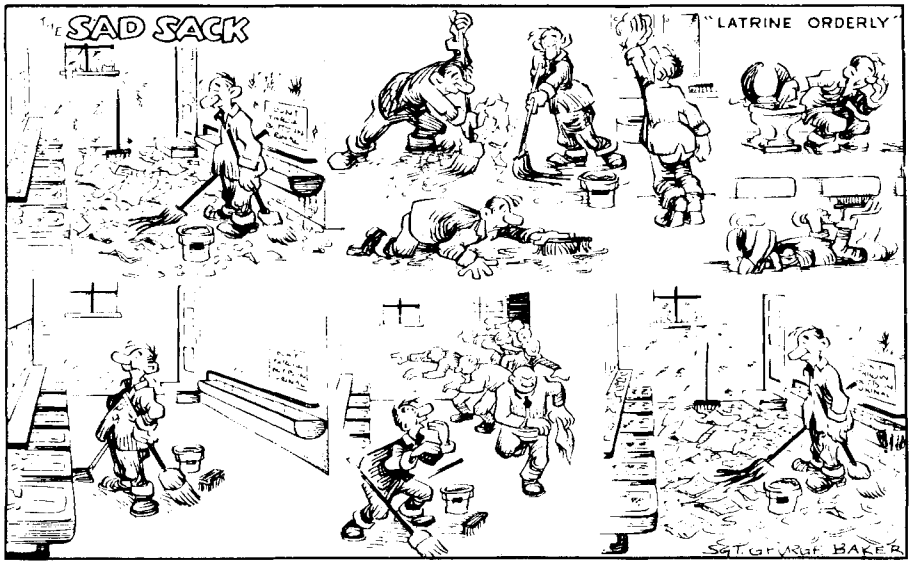
current high-school chicks and playmates, mighty accessible girls next door, *Yank*'s pinup girls are café society, socially out of reach. They please not because they're terribly erotic but because they're terribly famous.

But when all is said and when all *Yank*'s features are rescrutinized, it's Sad Sack who remains its permanent glory. With Sad Sack one goes all to water. Only a transversion of Samuel Johnson's rhapsodies on the character of Falstaff seems appropriate: "But [Sad Sack], unimitated, unimitable [Sad Sack], how shall I describe thee?" He was devised by Sergeant George Baker, before the war an animator at Walt Disney Studios. Baker died in 1975, and in my view his memory should be honored like Hašek's for inventing Schweik, Joyce's for Bloom, Chaplin's for the Tramp. Private Sack (to give him his formal name) is the Army's version of the 20th-century anti-hero, the man things are done to. His world is populated by marvelous grotesques, all of them "true." There are supply sergeants who go to any lengths to avoid issuing the slightest bit of equipment. When finally they must put out, they cry over their counters like babies. All sergeants have great garrison bellies hypertrophying in proportion to their rank. First sergeants look precisely like pigs, fat with bristles on their necks. Two kinds of people have very wide mouths with fangs instead of teeth: tall, vulpine Second Johns, shoulders glittering coarsely, and men in white coats giving injections. All are torturers and madmen. And they and Sack inhabit a world of bizarre ugliness. Everyone's trousers bag at the seat, the buildings are hideous inside and out, the floor is always dirty, cigarette butts are everywhere, the women wear too much makeup. The airplane Sack labors to scrub clean returns from its mission as filthy as before. He can make the latrine sparkle only because the troops are absent for the day. When they return, he watches it instantly turn dirty again.

But Sad Sack always springs back, and that seems part of the point. Actually, he's more than a butt: in one way he's a model soldier, and well behind the comedy of his predicaments a quasi-serious point is being made. The point is that no one gives up. Sack endures, although he expects to be shafted for doing so. He captures a spy by error and finds himself decorated and feted with a ticker-tape parade. When he returns in triumph to his home orderly room, his first sergeant looks at him with contempt and instantly puts him on KP. Sad Sack fights bravely to reach Paris, dodging shot and shell but animated by dreams of women and champagne glasses. When he arrives on the outskirts, exhausted and tattered but slavering with desire and thirst, he finds an MP guarding a sign: "Off Limits to American Troops."



drawing by George Baker from *Yank*, January 31, 1943

The implicit point is that the saddest sack does not despair, nor will he ever surrender. The soldier smiling over Sad Sack is absorbing something he needs to know if that war is going to be won.

The lads from Omaha have reissued 14 of the 154 numbers so far. If you hurry, you can catch these, and the rest too. And you don't have to take the whole run: you can get 26 weeks for $25, a year for $39. A very moderate price for wiping out 39 years.

The Fate of Modernism

The Shock of the New
by Robert Hughes

(Knopf; $29.95)

In the visual arts the talk is of the death of modernism. Today fashionable architects call themselves "post-modernists," and the temple of high architectural modernism, the glass box, is joyfully reviled. In painting and sculpture, where modernism has meant so many contrary things, the situation is less clear. But there, too, the desire at least is for fundamental change. The minimal and conceptual artists of the 1960s, and most of the varied artists of the 1970s, employed modernist forms and ideas, and their art will have a page in the textbooks. Compared to the pioneering art of modernism, however, their work now seems contrived, artificial, clever, and theoretical. It seems minor.

The Shock of the New may be the first substantial work to treat modernism as a period style. It is a fine book, full of panache, which grew out of the BBC series of the same name. The author, Robert Hughes, has absorbed the best thinking about modernism, and he has added fresh perceptions of his own. In his tone of voice there is no churchy hush and no academic dullness. There is delight instead. He can flourish an opinion the way a pirate flourishes a scimitar. Whether dead or not, modernism, which was itself irreverent, deserves some irreverence from its critics.

Rather than proceed in the manner of the textbooks—if this is Tuesday it must be Braque—Hughes has organized his survey around several broad cultural themes, such as "The Mechanical Paradise," "The Landscape of Pleasure," and "The View From the Edge."

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This approach has created some problems, which are not surprising in a book that must include so many different artists. A few great artists are not discussed, others must hop from chapter to chapter. Transitions can be strained, ideas are sometimes overstated, and the analysis of the formal development of modernist styles is haphazard. It hardly matters, for the great strength of the book lies in its concise portraits—usually about a page and a half—of individual artists. They are wonderfully to the point. Hughes has a way of capturing, in a phrase, not simply the look but the spirit of an artist's work. He refers, for example, to the "beetle-wing" surfaces of the paintings of Gustav Klimt. About the Cubists he writes: "Beside the peacocks of the nineteenth century—the canvasses of Delacroix or Renoir—their paintings look like owls." His disgust is admirable. Our celebrity culture has forced works of art to assume the "character of film stars with the museum as their limousine." Our money hunger has turned art into "bullion."

This said, I have some qualifications to make, not about the book, which does its job well, but about the undiscriminating fanfare that has been accorded to the program and book. *The Shock of the New* is a provocative lesson in modernism, but it will not significantly deepen, modify, or alter our conception of the period. It will not reorient art history or art criticism. With the fading of modernism, art history awaits a form-giver who will be able, with justice and clarity, to compose our patchy understanding into something firm and deep. What a complex era! It is even more slippery than the Baroque. Except as a lump of 100 years or so, no definition of modernism has done justice to its variety, or to the many levels on which it must be approached.

Art criticism, on the other hand, is confronted with a different challenge. Significant criticism is rarely fair. It is passionately for or against particular works of art. It must know the past, but its responsibility is toward the eye of the present; disinterest is left to scholars. Great critics, like great artists, are often blind to the worth of certain artists. This is a protective blindness, which enables an artist or critic to see his own truth with greater clarity. In *The Shock of the New* Hughes has been careful. It is true that he attacks the debasing of modernist architecture and the cultural cheapening of art; he does not conceal his boredom with much of the work of the last 20 years, and he is full of insight into why, with the present glut of images, it is so difficult to make art of consequence. But this will not be very controversial; the work in this area, though not put so well, has been done. A book of critical weight would not, I think, have been so careful about the great reputations and themes of modernism, nor so understanding about its decline. Modernism today is ripe for debunking. Questions about some of its cherished principles would help clear our eyes.

To give an example of what I mean: Hughes does not seem to think too much of Marcel Duchamp, an idol of the last 20 years. Although he calls Duchamp the "poet of entropy" who "opened up a small but decisive area of liberty," he also mentions that Joseph Beuys, the German artist, once held up a placard on German television that read: "The Silence of Marcel Duchamp is Overrated." It would be liberating criticism if, instead of careful ambivalence, there were a thorough reappraisal of the tradition of the dandy in modernist art. One might even begin with Manet—a master, a brilliant eye, an

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extraordinary innovator; but must one admire, without reservation, the icy conceit in some of his work? How profound a vision is represented in Duchamp's onanism and anomie, in his chess and his condescension? In the shock of Dada? In the lovely paint puzzles of Jasper Johns? The "wow" of Andy Warhol? In many of the moderns the recoil from modern life found expression not in outrage or in the drive toward social or personal transcendence, but in narcissistic pride.

But that is another kind of book. In this one, Hughes displays particular warmth toward those artists who did struggle for social or personal transcendence—in short, for engaged artists. He is skeptical about their success if not their art. He has to be, for World War I destroyed the faith in the machine; Stalin killed off the millenarian hopes of the Russian constructivists; and the spiritual talk of Mondrain—theosophy—or of Rothko, the tragedian, sounds hokey today. Nonetheless, Hughes seems to admire the attempt, and to rue the winding down of art into the private and idiosyncratic. He describes the effort of artists to find "an exemplary public speech." Russian constructivism, he writes,was "dialectics made concrete. No more mysticism; instead the articulation of materials."

Perhaps his strongest comment is about architecture. In a chapter called "The Faces of Power" he links the cold, bland face of corporate and state architecture to the buildings beloved by totalitarian regimes; the high corporate style is compared to fascist building. About the Albany Mall, the seat of government for New York State, he writes:

> its meaning is utterly simple: there are no ambiguities. . . . what speaks from these stones is not the difference between American free enterprise and, say, Russian socialism, but the similarities between the corporate and the bureaucratic states of mind. . . . there can be no doubt that modernist culture has its own language of political power. . . . it is, in essence, an architecture of coercion. The one thing our century has not given us, in the arena of state architecture, is an image of free will.

In his discussion of fascist architecture, Hughes says that the "idea that fascism always preferred retrogade to advanced art is simply a myth." He goes on to say that important Italian Futurists, such as Marinetti (a hysterical bore), were linked to fascism and that the "only moral of this, apart from the familiar fact that artists tend to work for whoever pays them, is that modernist styles were value-free and could serve almost any ideological interest."

This may be somewhat misleading, for modernist styles, particularly in architecture, were not value-free, not even in their "look." That look was founded, as Hughes notes in another context, on the belief that a rational style would create a rational man; the style itself was rooted in utopian values. A style of a severely rational kind not only served the totalitarian demand for order, it also contained something congenial to totalitarianism in its utopian temper. This temper is coercive, whether in Mondrian, whose art sacrifices so much to attain such transcendent clarity, or in a visionary architect, who wants to reshape the lives of men. What can be inspiring in Mondrian, who disciplines only himself, can be terrible in another artist, who can discipline others. In a different chapter Hughes describes Le Corbusier's visionary plan tc raze part of Paris as an assassination. Le Corbusier was not a fascist, and he is not responsible for his followers. But his style and fascism shared certain values, namely that human life is too messy and that heaven ought to be brought to earth—and to hell with the consequences.

Hughes ends his book with a pair of generally pessimistic chapters. In "Culture as Nature," he argues that the "forest of media" has all but plucked the eyes from art. Those artists who matter do so principally through stealth—by making art out of the media itself, as in the case of Robert Rauschenberg, who rummaged through images the way Kurt Schwitters rummaged through bus tickets. Irony is also a defense. "Rauschenberg breathed out," he says, "but Johns breathed in." In "The Future That Was," he says that modernism is now our official culture—and that the age of the avant-garde is past.

IN THE BOOKING ROOM

The man with the shopping bag is in so much trouble
He doesn't have nothing to do but have it he's had it
Before God knows and there's nothing to do about it
But set on a bench and wait for the rest of it
To come on down if it wants to and just keep on
Keeping on as usual holding the bag
With fourteen tubes of toothpaste and aftershave
And Brylcreem and Feenamint now why would he want
He never boosted none of that they ask *him*
It was somebody left it there which he had nothing
To do with he must've picked it up like a bundle
You might find laying in the street and there's nothing else
Worthwhile doing but taking a good long look
At the floor and holding a handkerchief dripping blood
Tight over one ear like an empty seashell.

BREATH TEST

He isn't going to stand for it sitting down
As far as he can from the unshaded glare
And the TV camera where he isn't breathing
In no machine no thanks because no way
Being sober as a matter of fact his body
Without a warrant is nobody's damn business
And to a republic for which he isn't
Putting that thing in his mouth as a citizen
Who voted he has a right to disobey
The Law of Supply and Demand by running short
Of supplies and they can all go take a walk
On their own straight line all night if they feel like it.

David Wagoner

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Hughes attributes this last insight to Hilton Kramer, who wrote an important essay on the subject in 1972. I think quite a few people were aware of the institutionalization of modernism before that—particularly the abstract expressionists. Most of them were not recognized until they reached middle age, and they took a wry view of the celebrity accorded in the 1960s to an "avant-garde" of 20-year-olds. Many years ago Saul Steinberg drew a wonderful picture of artists marching to the academy of the avant-garde, and the title, if not the message, of Harold Rosenberg's book, *The Tradition of the New*, contained the essential paradox for those today who wish to be part of an avant-garde. The idea of the avant-garde, to stay ahead of society, has merged into the idea of fashion: to stay ahead of yesterday's style.

Today nobody who is anybody would care to be shocked in a museum; it would not be surprising if nostalgia grows for the stuffy bourgeois of yore, since there are only three or four left. Nonetheless, most people who go to museums today do not really like modernism (the Impressionists excepted). They just think they ought to like it. To correct that, they should read a dull survey of modernism, which will provide the bones of the chronology. Then they should read *The Shock of the New*, which will add some sparkle to their seeing and energy to their thought. Hughes can communicate the joy of the eye. Consider this description of Van Gogh's tremulous love of the land: "Nature was to him both exquisite and terrible. It consoled him, but it was his judge. It was the fingerprint of God, but the finger was always pointed at him."

Mark Stevens

Mark Stevens is an art critic for *Newsweek*.

The Wrath of Man

Sophocles: An Interpretation by R. P. Winnington-Ingram

(Cambridge University Press; $57.50, $17.95 paper)

The list of those who have misinterpreted Sophocles is long and distinguished. Confusing theater with therapy, Freud called the action of *Oedipus Rex* "a process that can be likened to the work of a psychoanalysis." Misguided by late-18th-century aesthetics, Hegel saw *Antigone* as the paradigmatic tragedy, a conflict of the individual against the state. Yet Aristotle was perhaps the worst offender. His analysis of Sophoclean drama bequeathed to millennia of critics innumerable idiosyncratic notions. For example, that the ideal tragic hero should be an essentially good man with a single "flaw." Subsequent scholars (again misreading Sophocles) concluded that the quintessential tragic flaw was *hubris*. In classical Greece this term actually meant outrage or assault and battery, but since St. Paul used it to mean pride, and since *hubris* cometh before the Sophoclean hero's fall, it follows—as Simone Weil and others have argued—that Sophocles was a proto-Christian. The ending of *Oedipus at Colonus* is often adduced to support this: divine grace visited upon the long-suffering hero as the heavens open to receive him. (Yet note Oedipus's final words as he leaves this vale of tears. He turns to Antigone and Ismene and says, "all you need is love." Could this perhaps mean Sophocles was also a proto-Beatle?)

Sadly, Sophoclean criticism has not yet achieved catharsis from most of this silliness, despite several excellent modern studies of the playwright, e.g., by Karl Reinhardt (1933), Cedric Whitman (1951), Bernard Knox (1964), and the admirable book here under review. Sophocles was a great man who lived during one of the most significant periods of Western history. He was a close friend of Herodotus and of Pericles—to whom he rendered distinguished service as a general. Renowned for his piety, he was elected to the priesthood. After his death, he was worshipped as a demi-god ("hero"). He also wrote plays —130 of them, according to an ancient source—of which only seven survive.

Most of these dramas depict the fall of a "tragic hero." Though gods exist in the Sophoclean world (even if they rarely appear onstage), he is not dealing with crime and punishment. His heroes may be intemperate, but they are not "guilty," as critics like the late C. M. Bowra would have us believe. Yet it is understandable that scholars would want to think so, for the fate of the Sophoclean protagonist is usually so catastrophic that the rational mind struggles desperately to justify it in some way. This is why the notion of *hubris* provides the disquieted critic with some moral balm.

Ajax, the earliest extant Sophoclean play, tells of the hero's madness after he is denied the armor of Achilles which was rightfully his as the greatest surviving warrior. Athena blinds his senses, however, and instead of murdering his enemies, he unwittingly slaughters a herd of cattle. Unable to bear the double disgrace, Ajax commits suicide, believing "a man should either live nobly or die nobly." The story is Homeric and, as we recall from the *Odyssey*, the hero carries his anger beyond the grave. In Book 11, when Odysseus visits the underworld, the shade of Ajax avoids him, still furious with the man who had stolen his prize. Is this itself not a heroic subject—a wrath that is stronger than death? We recall that Achilles, in that same chapter, confesses to Odysseus

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that he would rather be unheroically alive, regretting his own anger on the plains of Troy. Still this was not enough for Sophocles. He gives us two further incidents of Ajax's "pride," most egregiously his refusal of Athena's assistance in battle. Since Ajax "was not thinking like a mortal," she resolved to destroy him. Although this new bit of information could strengthen the case for pride preceding, indeed precipitating, Ajax's fall, Winnington-Ingram notes, "the play should not be taken as a story of *hubris* punished."

In a sense, Sophoclean heroes are "sacrilegious." They are (justifiably) proud, and remain adamant in their beliefs. The problem is—and Winnington-Ingram constantly reminds us that we are dealing with a value system light years from our own—that the Greek gods were not necessarily morally superior to men, merely stronger. Athena has the *power* to lay the mighty Ajax low. On a celestial level, might makes right. There is no way to rationalize the gods' behavior with notions like guilt or innocence. (Indeed, this was why Plato banned tragedy from his ideal Republic.)

It was not always this way in Greece. Once upon a time there had been a belief in cosmic "justice" in the modern sense, a rational link between crime and punishment. In the *Iliad*, "good and evil" are never an issue, but there is some rough "justice" in the *Odyssey* when the hero returns and punishes the wicked suitors. It is only with Solon in the early sixth century that we find a fully articulated notion of divine justice at work in the world. This religious faith was perpetuated by Pindar and especially Aeschylus. Sooner or later evildoers will be punished; good will triumph in the end. It is perhaps oversimplified, but not inaccurate, to call divine justice the essential theme of Aeschylus's trilogies.

But Athens in the last third of the fifth century was a hotbed of new philosophies, most of which called Aeschylean optimism into doubt. Sophocles was, of course, aware of the intellectual upheaval; Odysseus in *Philoctetes* is a portrait of a contemporary Sophist, a moral relativist. Still, he was writing dramas, not philosophical treatises. And though Euripides focused on the futility of the moral choice, Sophocles celebrated the glory in maintaining one's principles regardless of the consequences.

"If the gods are unjust, they are not gods," says one character in Euripides. This is not Sophocles's view, which is purely anthropocentric: "what a piece of work is a *man*." Cedric Whitman called him the poet of heroic humanism. True, every one of his heroes displays *hubris*, and the chorus is constantly urging humility upon them. But why accept the "justice" of the gods, if it makes no sense by human standards? Humility was never a Greek virtue. Moreover, as Winnington-Ingram reminds us, if the Sophoclean hero were pious and god-fearing (like Seneca's trembling Oedipus, for example) his would not be a world for genuine tragedy.

Winnington-Ingram offers incisive analyses of all seven extant tragedies. He is especially good in his explications of the choral odes and their dramatic relevance. We know Sophocles to be the supreme ironist; Winnington-Ingram shows how this is reinforced in his language, e.g., the passages in *Oedipus Rex* which speak of divine laws in metaphors of parentage. He also stresses how Sophocles is constantly wrestling with the mighty precedent of Aeschylus, a classical example of Harold Bloom's concept of the "anxiety of influence." Curiously, little is said about the influence of Euripides, perhaps because Winnington-Ingram has already written a book on Sophocles's younger contemporary.

There are minor points with which one might take issue. The author probably gives too much attention to the now-discredited Hegelian views of *Antigone*. And occasionally he may lose the reader in his labyrinthine analysis of certain odes. Still, in general, Sophocles is brilliantly limned; new subtleties are revealed; essential themes are reinforced.

Perhaps the most significant is anger. Oedipus at Colonus does not go gentle into that good night. The old king rages, not at the imminence of death, but at the inequity of life. He still furiously maintains his "innocence." Suffering has not taught him humility, as it does the Aeschylean hero. Indeed, Winnington-Ingram reminds us that since Oedipus had acted in genuine ignorance, under Attic law he would have been absolved.

To the very end, Oedipus has maintained the heroic inflexibility typical of all Sophoclean heroes: "it is just because they have this almost superhuman capacity of holding to their principles that the poet, through extreme cases, is able to unfold the tragic implications of those principles."

Sophocles has been called the most Homeric of the Greek tragedians. But this is a bit simplistic. Contrast the rage of Oedipus and the wrath of Achilles. The latter, after all, was offered a choice of destinies. The Sophoclean hero has no choice.

Erich Segal

Erich Segal teaches at Dartmouth and Wolfson College, Oxford.

A Democratic Revival

The Backyard Revolution: Understanding the New Citizen Movement by Harry C. Boyte

(Temple University Press; $14.95)

Alternately journalistic, theoretical, and historical, this important book is about central aspects of contemporary social and political life. It is journalistic because, part of the time, the author reports in illuminating and often fascinating detail on what he regards as crucial stirrings in the American body politic, efforts that are taking place outside mainstream political life. It is theoretical because it contains a running criticism of mechanistic ways of thinking that, the author believes, have come to dominate the political perceptions of modern conservatives, liberals, and radicals. And it is historical because the author's egalitarian view of human possibility draws much of its practical direction from his own reading of the American experience over the past 200 years.

Mr. Boyte is not resigned in the face of the disappointments and tragedies of the 20th century; he believes a demo-

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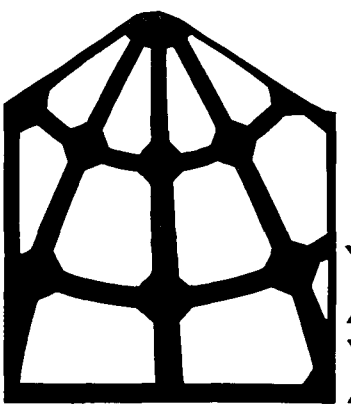
cratic polity, though never yet attained in human society, is a political goal worth striving for. An activist whose personal involvement dates from the southern civil rights struggles of the early 1960s, he reads the history of modern industrial societies essentially as an escalating dynamic of hierarchy and social control, licensed through the development of cultural norms that legitimize rule by experts. He doesn't think much of the experts' accomplishments to date, regarding them as self-serving and condescending. The result is an atomized culture, and an ideological rationale, that undermines the possibility of democratic social relations being achieved by the citizenry. He sees definite reasons for democratic hope, but he feels a number of deeply sanctioned ideas must be overcome before such aspirations have much of a chance.

Mr. Boyte sees no prospect of realizing that hope in mainstream politics, dominated as it is by the industrial-media-university complex, inasmuch as what passes as acceptable politics in corporate America got us into the present cul-de-sac in the first place. But looking beyond liberal capitalist politics to the world of alternative approaches, the author encounters linguistic problems that are strikingly similar to the evasive abstractions of the corporate mainstream. The modern language of democratic insurgency, whether couched in homilies about "social change" or bristling with the rhetoric of "revolution," is not democratic either. Abstract theoretical categories about "consciousness" and "bourgeois society" surround and inform an approach that is fully as mechanistic and anti-human as the sophistries of corporate modernizers or the more impenetrable behaviorist jargon emanating from the academy. Moreover, Boyte is at pains to emphasize that many of the practical organizing habits of the left are grounded in an undisguised hostility to some of the deepest religious, familial, and patriotic sentiments of society. Not only do the organizing tactics derived from such hostilities fail to work, but Mr. Boyte accepts their failure with equanimity, for he does not regard them as democratic.

To his great credit, Mr. Boyte does not discuss these matters in the fashion of French structural Marxists or American social scientists. Instead he got out of the library and went to the forks of the creek and to those urban conjunctions of ghetto and suburb where such abstractions as "the American experience" are lived. The question he took with him was simple: do the necessary building blocks exist in America for an authentic democratic politics? What he brings back, and the possible meanings of what he brings back, are the subject of *Backyard Revolution*.

In gathering material for his pioneering inquiry into our continent-wide grassroots political movements, Mr. Boyte investigated an impressive percentage of neighborhood "citizen action" groups that have been forming during the 1970s and now touch the lives of 20 million Americans in 1,000 American cities and towns and every state in the union. Can you fight city hall? Yes, UCAN, whether it is United Communities Acting Now in South Bend, Indiana, or United Connecticut Action for Neighborhoods in Bridgeport, Connecticut. You can try to GAIN in Massachusetts (Get Action in New Bedford) or you can RUN in Virginia (Richmond United Neighborhoods). So many of these local institutions materialized in the 1970s that there are now whole support networks for them, shaped by issue or by organizing strategy: National Association of Neighborhoods, Center for Community Change, Conference on Alternative State and Local Policies, Center for Community Economic Development, Movement for Economic Justice, National Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs, National Congress of Neighborhood Women, Rural America, and the Youth Project, to name only a representative sample. An internal communication network of newsletters is proliferating: *National Neighborhood News Service, Neighborhood Ideas, Self Reliance, Just Economics, Ways and Means, Monitor, Citizen and Education Bulletin*. The networks themselves are monitored by newsletters bearing such names as *Network Notes, Self-Help Reporter*, and *Public Citizen*. There are organizer training schools, reflecting different experimental strategies: Midwest Academy in Chicago, Organize Training Center on the west coast, Highlander Research and Education Center in the south, the Industrial Areas Foundation in New York, among others. Then there is the Public Interest Research Group, itself a network. Finally, there are layers of connections. Local neighborhoods in North Carolina towns are part of statewide Carolina Action, itself a part of the multistate ACORN net-

"If the human heart is a maze, Iris Murdoch has the key to it."*



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work (Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now). An Arkansas institution, ACORN has spread into more than 20 states.

Boyte emphasizes not only the wide difference between the insurgent politics of the 1960s and 1970s, but also the profound gaps in public awareness of those differences. Everyone "got inside of"—or thought they got inside of—the movements of the 1960s. Network television reported their activities nightly, from the fire hoses that washed Martin Luther King's legions down the streets of Birmingham to the tumultuous street demonstrations and bra-burnings of the antiwar and women's movements. One looked, made one's individual political assessment, and waited for the Westerns and police dramas that followed. With something like the same degree of distant sophistication we have all come to accept the placidity of the 1970s when the streets were quiet (except for muggers) and when the preoccupations of the "me generation" could be observed in the daily events around us.

Mr. Boyte asserts that the relevant politics of the 1970s did not take place on the tube. Taking a long view, which the author habitually does, presidential politics in the 1970s was acted out within the predictable circumference of corporate priority, whether the issue at hand was the politics of interest rates or the politics of oil. To the extent that we had relevant politics at all in the 1970s, it happened, Mr. Boyte believes, where his "backyard revolution" has been incubating. It is his purpose to tell us about these developments that took place outside the consciousness of the nation's media or its academic community.

What is authentic democratic political organizing? The author tells us about the National Congress of Neighborhood Women, which "has shown how working-class feminism can come out of local ethnic traditions that many would see as monochromatically patriarchal." The point is not abstract: "The NCNW organizes working-class women for self-assertion by valuing, building upon, and defending—and thus opening up for men as well—work in the home." The key to its organizing success "is its commitment to the values most cherished by its working class constituency—home, family and neighborhood." This specifically translates into day care, education, jobs for both sexes, and housing. Says one of the organizers, Rosemarie Reed: "In these communities, women are very concerned with issues of survival. If they can't obtain what they need to survive, they'll never get to the human and civil rights issues." The "backyard revolution," self-evidently, is a long-term endeavor. If all can agree, from right to left, that the organizers of the 1960s were impatient, the 1970s organizers seem to have had a world of patience. What this means for the 1980s is a series of possibilities that need to be considered sequentially and unromantically.

As a starter, the author's evidence is convincing that there are literally thousands of Rosemarie Reeds at work in America's backyards. One such person is a 38-year-old San Antonian named Ernie Cortes. Caught up in the struggle of Mexican-American farm workers under Cesar Chavez in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, Cortes quit graduate work at the University of Texas in 1964 and has been backyarding it ever since. Boyte's portrait:

> Cortes is a large man who fires a rapid stream of abrupt questions at those around him. He is often intimidating, demanding precision and extraordinary commitment from those he works with. Yet under the surface gruffness, Cortes is a rare democrat who believes passionately in the creative potential of ordinary people. 'No organizer should be so arrogant as to pretend he's going to organize an organization,' said Cortes. 'I didn't organize COPS' [Communities Organized for Public Service, in San Antonio]. 'The leadership organized COPS. I taught them. I trained them. I identified them. I challenged them and I worked with them on a one-to-one basis. But they did the organizing.'

One training session, which included parish priests, small businessmen from the Mexican-American community, housewives, and high school students, was invited by Cortes to an "action" at the first meeting of the newly elected city council. The fledgling COPS organization had a "counter-budget" for metropolitan San Antonio. The author quotes Cortes: "The range of the community was represented. We had about 2,000 people. The people knew the issues, the bond issues, the relations with banks, the community development act. They knew more than the city council did." After building an extensive neighborhood base on San Antonio's teeming West Side, COPS took on the city's long-range development plan, which was seen as favoring real estate and building interests and suburban areas while "slighting the city's neighborhoods, the environment, and the needs of the majority."

By the time COPS became the largest urban community organization in America in 1976, Cortes was laboring in East Los Angeles where, in due course, the United Neighborhoods Organization became the first indigenous institution ever created in that grotesquely impoverished community of 600,000. In an area where over 50 percent of the young are high school dropouts, where almost half the work force makes under $5,000 a year, where six different street gangs warred for the same block of turf, UNO now has diminished, in the words of one resident, "the sense of helplessness for the community." Indeed, by 1978 the transforming impact of UNO was being hailed by community businessmen, church officials, and student radicals alike. When 3,000 UNO members confronted the state insurance commissioner with a series of highly informed questions reflecting community grievances, a priest, Father Luis Olivares, smiled with irony: "You know, we're supposed to be humble, we're supposed to be charitable, we shouldn't treat Mr. Kinder like that.

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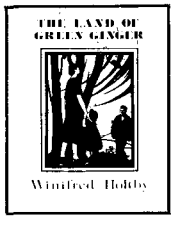

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[But] we're changing, you know, you should see the people talk. Sweet old ladies. Its tremendous. There's dignity in the determination of their lives."

For Boyte, the promise of the "backyard revolution" is hidden in the interior structure and community cohesion of UNO: "It used liturgical music, Spanish street festivals, churches as meeting places. But it dramatically alters the parts of the community and their relations with one another, giving them new vitality, resiliency, and openness, and the community as a whole a new sense of its power and élan."

And he adds this bit of interpretation: the effort generated by UNO

> recalls the vision of 'participatory democracy' heralded by the student movement and the civil rights activists of the sixties, but its underlying rigor, institutional foundations and breadth of constituency is a far cry from the youthful and flickering movement culture of the campus in the previous decade.

Democratic intentions have been "endowed with realism and discipline." The final words on UNO are those of Cortes: "We try to get people in touch with their own anger. Anger that comes out of a concern for people that is disciplined and mature. What we mean by anger is being your brother's keeper. It means building a new community."

In the inherited language of American politics, Ernie Cortes is a radical. But in Boyte's terminology, he is simply an authentic democrat, living out the only possible democratic politics that is available in corporate America. The need for such a politics testifies to the "radical atomization of the social fabric" that unrestrained "market values" have created in urban working-class districts in the north, rural areas of the south, and ethnic ghettos throughout the nation. The evasiveness of official political commentary and the timidity of journalistic and academic analysis—both of the process of atomization itself and the evasions of it by major party politicians—testify to the extent that corporate values now constrain the conduct of the entire citizenry, poor and genteel alike. In the face of such imperatives, modern middle-class "sophistication" serves as a mask for resignation. The conclusion Boyte points toward is not so clear as his analysis of the various streams of the citizen movement and of the surrounding mainstream culture. One suspects that the reason for the concluding ambiguity lies in the fact that the verdict on mass democratic organizing is not yet in and Mr. Boyte is awaiting more evidence.

It is worthwhile pursuing this final problem, for the author's uncertainty about future American possibilities, and how they might be made more democratic, is very much our own.

DEMOCRATIC organizing activity in the 1970s, as we have seen, had the contradictory quality of being massive and diverse on the one hand, and relatively unreported on the other. The result, at this moment, is both far-flung and fragile, a new substructure that is incipiently political and that has potential for further growth. But at the same time it has encountered false starts, setbacks, and breakdowns. In the process, the author tells us, organizers learned that to "organize" a "democratic" cooperative effort is problematic. ACORN staffers who worked 20 hours a day while their citizen recruits gave at most only a few hours a week discovered that the recruits habitually deferred to them on policy decisions in ways that foreclosed long-term democratic development. Urban organizers have successfully mobilized tenants for rent strikes only to discover that the transient nature of their constituency resulted in their institutional structure simply melting away.

Everywhere the democratic movement is poor, nowhere more endemically than in the cooperatives, which routinely suffer from the hostility of bankers and, therefore, have difficult credit problems. Finally, organizational pressures from below sometimes cause local movements to overreach themselves in the course of developing "mediagenic" campaigns—as when Massachusetts Fair Share engendered, and then decisively lost, a statewide referendum on electric utility rates.

Does the "citizen movement" merit much attention, given these problems? In terms of present achievement, perhaps not. But in terms of potential, the answer clearly must be in the affirmative. This is so for the simple reason that the idea of mass democratic advocacy builds upon one of the most profound social realities of late-20th-century American life—the dramatic distrust that the majority of Americans display toward the role of corporations in society. A Harris poll on public atti-

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tudes toward regulation concludes:

> Americans do not believe that industry will reform by itself. But at the same time, they do not see big government as their savior either. Indeed, they want an opening up of the bargaining and regulatory process to allow citizen participation on a scale never before witnessed in human history.

Despite bleak short-run prospects, such attitudes have even led to the introduction, by a coalition of citizen, consumer, labor, religious, and public interest groups, of a new piece of legislation entitled the Corporate Democracy Act of 1980. The measure seeks "to reform the internal governance structure of our largest corporations so companies exercise their power and discretion in more democratic and accountable ways." The legislation has no hope in the Reagan years, of course, but it is there—a sign of future intention if not present possibility.

A senior economist of the US Chamber of Commerce solemnly reported that "by the year 2001, 200 giant corporations will own 54 percent of all the productive assets worth owning on the planet earth." Under such centralizing dynamics, direct clashes of corporate and community interests are often stark, as when utilities in Columbia, Missouri, helped pass a ruling that any new buildings utilizing solar power had to pay a monthly penalty. Such corporate interference is bound to sharpen further the conflicts between public and private interest.

Finally, movement intellectuals have begun to lay down a broad challenge, based on empirical evidence, to some of the more sacrosanct components of the received corporate wisdom. Thus, a detailed report of the Exploratory Project for Economic Alternatives challenged conventional analyses of inflation, arguing that the truly devastating component of rising prices was in the essentials of the family budget—housing, food, health, and energy costs. As Boyte puts it, "Such costs could not be stabilized without challenging the monopoly structure of the industries that determined them." In terms of contemporary social attitudes—not to mention conceivable social attitudes that might develop in response to predictable corporate malfunctions in the years ahead—it probably is enough to observe that prospects for a mass democratic movement in America do not rest entirely on thin air.

In the face of these contradictory impulses, the largely unseen citizen politics of the 1970s generated what might be called a new "movement conventional wisdom" resting on two discoveries. Both were summarized by a citizen activist, Ron Asta, who between 1972 and 1976 led a grassroots takeover of city hall in Tucson, Arizona, that generated a tide of fundamental economic and governmental reforms—only to be inundated in 1976 by a Reaganite public relations counterattack from a massively organized business community.

> The tactics of our opponents are the same across the country and they are simple. They lie. If you try to help consumers, they claim you are anti-business. If you try to save some environmentally critical land, they say you are no growth. If you try to discourage costly growth in the suburbs, they lie that you are anti-jobs. The biggest lie of all is our opposition's cry to protect free enterprise. We don't have free enterprise for the many anymore—we have subsidized enterprise for a few.

The movement's other discovery concerns the extent of the successful corporate depoliticization of the American electorate, particularly the half of the population with the lowest income and the most fragile cultural credentials.

In the concluding theoretical sections of *Backyard Revolution*, Boyte argues for a new political consciousness that accords neither with the received political traditions of liberal capitalism nor with Marxism. In mainstream politics, the marketplace dynamic

> constantly erodes the fund of symbols, language and conventions necessary to sustain the public realm. When politics is manipulation, campaigns are advertising, and participants are hucksters of consumers, civic-mindedness and effective activity are impossible. People's basic problems, frustrations, and hurts become individual afflictions with no relation to the broader social structure.

On the other hand,

> left political theory has largely remained imprisoned within a narrow rationalist understanding of people that is itself derived from the system it criticizes: the marketplace, which obliterates the history and uniqueness of things—or people—as it turns them into objects for sale. Like the market, the dominant left perspective has supposed that a sundering of traditional and historical identities is not only inevitable, but essential to the production of 'emancipated consciousness.'

Through such reasoning, to be free means to be uprooted, "detached from particularity, the new man or woman of socialist mythology." This abstract view "truncates the real-world process of social movements . . . flattens human experience to a narrow political universe, making possible a range of authoritarianisms." Liberal and social democratic alternatives "have created social service structures that produce a similar if less ruthless instrumentalism, turning citizens into clients." Briefly stated, the left's program to change society is "like urban renewal: if a social relation seems blighted or ugly, level it and start over."

What is missing from both models is much of what is most important: the human experiences, the structures of support, and the resources that in real life generate the capacity and the inspiration for democratic social relations. "Where do ordinary people, steeped in lifelong experiences of humiliation and self-doubt, barred from acquisition of basic public skills, find the courage, the self-confidence, the mutual trust, above all the hope to take action in their own behalf?" To pose such a question, concedes Boyte, "is to challenge the fundamentals of political orthodoxy."

In less theoretical terms, it is also to challenge the settled resignation by which modern people console themselves in the face of overwhelming centralized power. Does the progressive American political community have the will and the ideological patience and persistence for the task?

Boyte's final admonition is both ideological and unconventional:

> In the dangerous circumstances of the late twentieth century, only organization that is deeply rooted in American popular history and culture, unblinded by dogma, and at the same time skilled and able to comprehend the society as a whole, can meet the challenge. Such organization should tolerate and encourage diverse life styles, skills, interests, and views on a range of subjects, while it is also united around certain basic principles of democracy, justice, and human dignity.

Clearly this is a visionary politics for an age of sophisticated despair. In its experiments in mass democratic prac-

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tices and theory, the "citizen movement" faces momentous obstacles. Though it has altered the consciousness of people in Tucson, San Antonio, and East Los Angeles in the course of winning and losing battles there and in hundreds of other communities across the nation, its mass organizing tactics are still not perfected and its future, therefore, remains uncertain.

On the other hand, the presence of this new energy seems to be, as Boyte argues, one of the few hopeful political components in the maturing age of computerized technology and centralized political and military authority. The matter of political will remains. It is a question of the conceivable role of human agency in history. Philosophers, theologians, and historians have debated its possible range for centuries. And for almost 150 years, capitalists and Marxists have shared cramped conclusions about the role of human will in politics. Our democratic horizons remain narrow as a result. For those who want to widen them, *The Backyard Revolution* is necessary reading.

Lawrence C. Goodwyn

Lawrence C. Goodwyn teaches history at Duke University and is the author of *Democratic Promise: The Populist Movement in America* (Oxford University Press).

Brief Review

The Science Fiction of H.G. Wells by Frank McConnell

(Oxford University Press; $18.95, $4.95 paper)

History has preserved two images of H. G. Wells: the despairing young author of *The Time Machine* (1895), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), and *The First Men in the Moon* (1901); and the hopeful middle-aged author of the voluminous *Outline of History* (1920) and *The Science of Life: A Summary of Contemporary Knowledge About Life and Its Possibilities* (1930). The one Wells is recalled as auguring the apocalyptic doom of civilization as we know it (more precisely: as Wells knew it) by the untrammeled growth of technology; the other, as the self-proclaimed encyclopedist of his time and the pontificating prophet of a world state ruled by common sense, love, and an intellectual elite.

History has not been unjust to Wells; neither memory misses the mark by much. But it takes a more penetrating look to recognize both attitudes as the products of a single mind, and Frank McConnell, in his careful analysis of Wells's science fiction, has done just that. More significantly, McConnell, associate professor of English at Northwestern University, has shown that Wells was an amalgam of both pessimist and optimist throughout his life: it was the changing times that forced upon a consistent Wells one or the other narrow characterization.

McConnell correlates the two tendencies in Wells with the Victorian optimism and Darwinian pessimism of his time, compacted in Wells in a kind of unified sensibility. As the lower-middle-class boy who worked his way to success through self-education and sheer determination, Wells embodies the Victorian shibboleths of will and the innate goodness of the ordinary man. By the time he was 18 (in 1884) and a pupil of the great biologist T. H. Huxley, champion of Darwinism, Wells had acquired another view: that will might not be enough for mankind's salvation. According to the random processes of natural selection, man is not the culmination of evolution and, by that argument, no better or worse than any of his companion species. His touted intelligence, morality, and social conventions are no more than adaptations for survival.

According to the author, Wells yielded to the intellectual attraction of the second view without ever relinquishing his emotional hold on the first. The result is more or less a determinist view of man's past and an open-ended one of his future. Thus, while man has arrived at his exalted position in the animal kingdom through the same uncaring evolutionary mechanism as created all other living forms, his own will and common decency will determine whether civilization tips the balance toward destruction or salvation.

McConnell succeeds in tracing this double-stranded thread through all of Wells's science fiction, but he is less convincing in his case for Wells's science fiction as great literature. He advances the argument, put even more strongly in the foreword by Robert Scholes, that traditional criticism has focused on lit-

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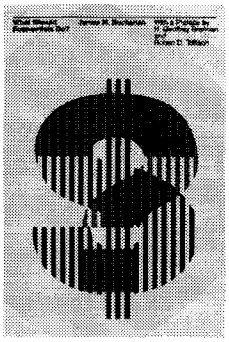

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erary qualities science fiction never even set out to possess: verbal nuance, psychological depth, and plausible plot. If it is true of science fiction, it is also true of Wells. His language is often imprecise and uninteresting; his characters simplistic, or else thinly veiled projections of himself; and his story lines, especially in the later socialist utopian novels, so fabricated and bluntly allegorical as to offend the reader. Science fiction, McConnell and Scholes maintain, instead values the idea over the word, the type over the individual, and the unexpected over the plausible.

Although McConnell does indeed show how the idea, the type, and the unexpected function brilliantly in each Wells novel, he fails to provide a critical standard able to demonstrate why any one novel should be considered better than another, or why as a set they constitute great literature. Wells may have had the unique talent to delight, provoke, or persuade, but the company of great writers remains a select one indeed.

Peter Engel

Peter Engel has written for the *Scientific American*, the *Washington Monthly*, the *Progressive*, and other publications.

Correspondence, *from page 7*

board, where the fallout would go into the ocean?

Based on the medical studies that have been publicized recently, the most cost-effective action that could be taken along the lines of civil defense might be a crash program to equip everyone with cyanide pills in lockets, so that the time required to die after having your skin burned off could be reduced to a reasonable period.

On the other hand, greater attention to solving differences peacefully might be even more cost-effective. But this might be considered "soft" by many citizens, and would not be popular politically.

Robert L. Christian
Westerville, Ohio

Compelling Conquest

To the editors:

I have learned much from Robert Conquest's books on Soviet history. But I have only recently come upon his excellent review of *Stalin's Successors* (*TNR*, January 17). I hope it is not too late to offer him three cheers and a tiger.

"Refreshing" is an overworked word, but it truly applies to all of Conquest's writing, especially when matched with that of Jerry Hough, whom Conquest rightly compares to the notorious David Irving. When there is so much bad, convoluted "political science" written about the Soviet Union, it is important to have a historian like Conquest who writes in simple language.

Greg Lanning
Vancouver, BC
Canada

Mailer and Marilyn

To the editors:

One wonders, if Barbara Grizzuti Harrison can no longer attempt to analyze why Marilyn Monroe was so touching, whether she is really the one to judge Norman Mailer's attempt. One may find Mailer's Monroe books wrongheaded, as I do, and still find Harrison's review (*TNR*, February 28) shoddy at best. An example: Harrison says that the question of whether Monroe's foster parents loved her is irrelevant, that what matters is that she felt unloved. There may be a great difference between someone who is actually unloved and someone who just imagines himself to be unloved. Their psyches might be said to work differently. But maybe that is one of those nuances in which Harrison implies Mailer allows

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personality to drown.

At the end of her review, Harrison gives us the news that "Mailermen" fear passionate intensity in women, particularly in brunettes, and instead need fluffy sweets from whom they can escape with ease after they have taken their pleasure. I don't know if this is true of all Mailermen (Harrison doesn't bother to list any others), but it seems a strange thing of which to accuse the founder of the order, who has been married more than a couple of times and quite possibly pays out more money in alimony each year than most working writers earn in five. And only two of his wives have been blondes.

Tom Piazza
New York, New York

To the editors:

It took a woman to put Mailer's *Marilyn* in the coffin—not his coffer—where it belongs.

Stark Gaston
New York, New York

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Traveler's Diarist

New Distinctions . . . and Old

On January 28 Secretary of State Haig observed at his first news conference that the Soviet Union, in pursuit of "a conscious policy," was involved in the "training, funding, and equipping" of international terrorists. The *New York Times* reported on February 9 that "officials with access to United States intelligence services say they have little evidence to substantiate" this "allegation." "Officials in the CIA, the Defense Intelligence Agency and the State Department, asked to document these charges, said they were unable to do so." "There is just no real evidence for it," said an official. Could the reason for this curious contradiction be the PLO? Soviet help to the PLO, and the PLO's return to the Soviet Union, are by now sufficiently well known. But the State Department has always been curiously reluctant to admit that the PLO is a terrorist organization. New brooms sweep clean, but apparently not very fast. Meanwhile the diligent Washington whitewashing of the PLO has even splashed over onto other terrorist enterprises in Europe, Central America, and other places in which the PLO acts as a kind of Soviet holding company. It is time for a new kind of official who has the vision to see what is at the end of his nose and the courage to describe what he sees.

So the Soviets now have decided to follow the example of the Iranian kidnappers and make use of the American mass media. They should be made to accept the risks as well as the opportunities of the American system and be prepared to submit to rigorous criticism. In the Iranian case, this did not happen. Instead, Khomeini and various lesser mortals were permitted to set their own terms for interviews and were scarcely challenged on even the most egregiously false statements. One is left with the uneasy reflection that if television had existed in 1939-41 we would have had the daily spectacle of Goebbels explaining the Nazi case on US television, and no doubt parading a victim from Dachau to explain that it was really a holiday camp where they were all being "well treated." I have not seen their first appearances but I hope that now that spokesmen from the Soviet embassy have decided to face the media, the questioners will not again act like a reverential claque. An honest and informed questioning, in public, of a Soviet spokesman should be an interesting experience for both sides.

The Ayatollah Khomeini has been in the news now for about three years, but one notices that the newspapers still refer to him almost invariably as "the 80-year-old Ayatollah" or "the 80-year-old religious leader." The ayatollah is often and accurately described as charismatic; he has not yet been described as a miracle worker and neither he nor his disciples claim to have found a new way of arresting the aging process. "Eighty-year-old" clearly has become a standard journalistic epithet, rather like those famous right-wing Christians and left-wing Moslems in Lebanon about whom we used to hear so much. This one is self-evidently absurd. Others, unfortunately, though equally absurd, are less obviously so, and can still mislead. A good recent example, also from Iran, is the use of such terms as "moderate" and "liberal" applied to personages like Bani Sadr and Ghotbzadeh whose posturing on morning television last year is now apparently forgotten. They are, however, in opposition to the dominant establishment in Iran, that of the "fundamentalist" (another usefully misleading adjective) clergymen and that makes them liberal, in the same way that Khomeini's opposition to the shah made him liberal or at least acceptable to liberals. Sometimes the absurdity is carried a step further, and these gentlemen are portrayed as not merely liberal and moderate, but as pro-Western. In general, the term moderate entering the Middle East suffers an oil change into something rich and strange. In OPEC the sententious Saudis are moderates because they are satisfied with a mere 3,000 percent profit on the cost of extracting a barrel of oil, compared to their immoderate colleagues who feel that this is an insufficient return. In the PLO the moderates, indeed the Westernizers, are those who are prepared to make a meal of Israel, Western-style: the West Bank, Gaza, and Jerusalem for appetizers, the 1947 lines to follow, and the remainder for dessert. The extremists, in contrast, are not willing to have it served up like a Western dinner, in courses, but want everything on the table at once, like a traditional Middle Eastern banquet. The Israelis, who lately have begun to respond to the advice urged on them for many years to become more Middle Eastern in their ways, also have some moderates in the regional sense of the word. In Gush Emunim circles, the moderates are those who are prepared to relinquish Jewish claims on the East Bank which also forms part of the biblical promised land. The Lebanese Christians, like the Poles, are not considered moderates, but extremists. They have the temerity to want to live in their own way in their own homeland, without being bullied by a big neighbor whom they do not love or conscripted to fight an enemy whom they do not hate.

There has been a good deal of discussion of late about the precise difference between a terrorist and a guerrilla. It is not yet generally realized that there has been a major shift of meaning such as often occurs in the development of language. In earlier times the distinction between the two arose from the difference in the choice of objectives and the methods employed. Both used violence, which was illegal, i.e., not exercised by regular armed forces or police. Guerrillas, however, used it against such regular military and police forces or their installations. They did not normally attack ordinary civilians, still less third parties. Terrorists, on the other hand, usually took care to avoid the armed forces and police of the adversary and instead made war on civilians. They preferred identifiable public figures, with a special liking for elderly cabinet ministers, but were willing to settle for supermarkets, bus stations, kindergartens, and similar unmilitary objectives. They preferred, again, to attack the civilians of the adversary, but if, for any reason, this was not feasible they were willing to indulge in the casual murder of travelers or bystanders of other countries. The guerrilla would delay an operation against an enemy force if there was a danger of injuring civilians; the terrorist was willing to blow up a planeload of randomly selected passengers in order to kill one of them or even to get a prime-time spot on television. This was the distinction between guerrillas and terrorists. It is no longer. As these terms are used today in the media and elsewhere, the distinction no longer relates to strategy or tactics or even objectives, but to ideology and sentiment. To put it simply, a terrorist is one who attacks me or my friends; a guerrilla is one who attacks those to whom I am hostile or indifferent.

George Kane

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Washington Diarist

A Plea for NPR

In the spirit of full disclosure, let me acknowledge at the outset that I have a personal financial interest in the case I am about to make. Last year I earned $6,958 as a commentator on National Public Radio's program "All Things Considered" and as co-host of "Communiqué," NPR's weekly program on foreign policy. But even if I had no connection whatever with NPR, except as an admiring listener, I still would urge the Reagan administration to drop its plan to slash public radio's programing budget by one-fourth next fiscal year. I'd still urge Congress not to go along with the proposal, and I'd still urge people to write and call Washington protesting the cuts.

First, the money involved is very small. Reagan's proposed cut of $3.5 million will have the effect of an eyedrop in the sea on his plans to balance the budget, control inflation, and reduce the federal share of GNP. There's no question that every interest group in America ought to share the burden of sacrifice in order to restore the economy to health, including public radio's listeners and contributors. Obviously, we should sacrifice more than food stamp recipients or kids who need school lunches. Yet the Reagan cut basically would destroy NPR as we know it—which is to say, put an end to the best radio in America.

Theoretically, I suppose, the CBS radio network, Westinghouse, Mutual, or NBC could do what NPR does. In fact, once upon a time, on a weekend program called "Monitor," NBC did do something vaguely like what "Morning Edition" and "All Things Considered" do every day—roam the world for interesting events, people, sounds, and ideas. But even "Monitor" never provided the time and range for interviews such as those conducted by ATC's magical Susan Stamberg, who can lovingly extract a person's life story over the telephone and still leave his or her dignity intact. CBS does let Charles Osgood recite funny poems about the news and mix in recorded interviews to complete the rhymes. But no commercial network would let Robert Krulwich, NPR's economics correspondent, compose a five-minute mock Italian opera (*Rato Interesto*), with music from Mozart and testimony from Paul Volker and Alfred Kahn, to explain how interest rates rise and fall.

The commercial radio networks (along with commercial and non-commercial television) will furnish live broadcasts of presidential inaugurations and speeches to a joint session of Congress. But if NPR goes, nobody is going to provide live gavel-to-gavel coverage of SALT, Panama Canal, and cabinet confirmation hearings. Commercial networks theoretically could, as NPR does, put through a phone call to a new African prime minister and quiz him for five minutes about his agenda. But the commercial networks don't. They don't have time between commercials, and their local stations have other priorities —pop-rock, all-talk, easy listening, beautiful music, or whatever. Even all-news commercial radio tends to have a limited sense of "news." Only rarely, if ever, will such stations devote a solid half-hour to education issues, or health, or foreign policy. NPR does so at least weekly, often oftener.

The program I know best, "Communiqué," is the country's only half-hour radio show on foreign affairs. It is the only program on radio or television to have broadcast Cyrus Vance's Harvard commencement address last year. Nobody else on TV or radio reviewed Henry Kissinger's memoirs for 30 minutes, with contributions from Oriana Fallaci, William Shawcross, and Hoang Duc Nha, a Vietnamese politician who stands as the single most vilified person in Kissinger's memoirs. Some of what we do on "Communiqué" you could get on "Meet the Press" or "Face the Nation" —such as interviews with Muskies, Haigs, Allens, Brzezinskis, Turners, and Browns. Some of it you can get on "The McNeil-Lehrer Report"—such as illuminating discussion of SALT and the Islamic revival. Much of it you can get in *TNR*, too. But you can't get it anywhere and drive your car at the same time.

There is no stated purpose on the administration's part to destroy public radio or public television, but there surely is a bias against things "public" and for things "private." Yet the administration has to pause when it considers the quality level of what private broadcasters furnish the public. Ironically, in fact, one wing of the Reagan coalition—the Moral Majority—is at war with another wing, the corporate establishment, over the garbage released by the commercial networks over the public airwaves. The MM wants people to boycott products manufactured by the sponsors of such suggestive shows as "Charlie's Angels" and "Dallas." The sponsors and the networks are screaming censorship, but it's nothing of the kind. It's the only case I can think of in which the Moral Majority is actually doing God's work. The rest of the time, it's a menace, as when it filled a young Virginia college student with such Christian love that she listened to a speech by George McGovern and (according to the *Washington Post*) afterward assailed him as a "liberal-commie-atheistic-pinko-faggot."

Given the failures of the commercial media, there's an obvious need for non-commercial radio and TV. As between the two, Reagan's budget proposals do special damage to public radio because of the way it's organized. A similar one-fourth cut for public television will allow programing to continue about as it is because most programs are produced by a local station and distributed to the others. The Reaganites purposely don't want to cut much money for local operations, possibly for political reasons (not wanting to offend the kind of powerful people who run and support public TV and radio stations), possibly from an ideological mindset that favors "out there in the country" to bad old Washington. NPR will suffer because, unlike public television, most of its programing is done in Washington.

Whether the administration's motives are ideological or political, cutting next year's budget violates both the letter and the spirit of the law that set up public broadcasting. Under the law, funding was to be provided on a multi-year basis in order to prevent an administration (Nixon's was the one people had in mind) or Congress from using money to punish, reward, or otherwise affect programmers. If the government wants to stop funding public radio, for whatever reason, the proper time to do it is in 1984, not now. That would at least give NPR time to scramble around to corporations and foundations to find the grants to continue to make its programing possible. But preferably, by whatever means, the Reaganites ought to do what they can to keep public broadcasting. Look at England, where Margaret Thatcher rules and the BBC survives.

M.M.K.

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ASK QUESTIONS UNTIL YOU'RE SURE

Choosing the right kind of mortgage is more complicated and probably more important now than ever before. It makes sense to talk to someone experienced in real estate, to ask lots of questions all along the way, and to compare the offerings of all types of lenders, such as savings and loan associations, banks, mortgage companies and credit unions.

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Godspeed, Mr. President

With the induction of Ronald Reagan and his administration, Americans look for new directions and new visions.

They long for an end to national drift and decline.

They yearn for restoration of America's primacy.

They hunger for greater hope for the future of themselves, their families, and their country.

Unfailingly, a change in administrations has a buoyant effect on the American spirit. All too often, though, this uplift is short-lived. We are a people impatient to get things done, quick to sour on our own leaders and institutions.

We demand so much of our government and those who lead it. We lose sight of what government actually is: an instrumentality of the *people*; a means by which we the people meet our objectives. We expect the Oval Office to turn men into miracle makers, forgetting that no President can achieve what is beyond the will and purpose of the people.

What is their will? By their votes last November, Americans indicated the course they want the nation to take under its new leadership. It embraces these needs:

- Buttressing our national defense; reasserting our free world leadership dedicated to maintaining stability and peace among nations; restoring constancy and coherence to our foreign policy and our relationships with the nations that share common values with us.
- Building our economic might through a revitalized system of free enterprise disciplined by the competitive forces of the marketplace.
- Strengthening social justice, freedom, equality; raising living standards for all; extending new opportunities to the deprived among us.
- Controlling the growth and cost of government and its intrusion into our lives and liberties.
- Slowing the pace of social experimentation, improving what is working, modifying and even discarding what is not.

The time has come for renewal and rededication. For too many, the American dream has taken on tarnish. It needs burnishing. There is much to be done — and undone. Let us begin.

Godspeed, Mr. President.

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